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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1798, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with the exception of the English language. It is a large, comprehensive, and reliable source of information, covering local, national, and international news. It is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays. The Mercury is known for its accurate reporting and its commitment to providing the public with the most up-to-date information.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

HENRY WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 215, Order Sons of the United Empire, meets on Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Meets in the hall on 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DANISH IMMIGRATION SOCIETY, meets on Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Meets in the hall on 1st and 3rd Mondays.

COURT WAGON, No. 679, HONORABLE ORDER OF THE SONS OF THE UNITED EMPIRE, meets on Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Meets in the hall on 1st and 3rd Mondays.

THE NEWPORT HONORABLE ORDER OF THE SONS OF THE UNITED EMPIRE, meets on Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Meets in the hall on 1st and 3rd Mondays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2), Mrs. H. C. Sawyer, President, meets on Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Meets in the hall on 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE SONS OF THE UNITED EMPIRE, meets on Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Meets in the hall on 1st and 3rd Mondays.

ARMY OF THE SONS OF THE UNITED EMPIRE, meets on Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Meets in the hall on 1st and 3rd Mondays.

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REDAIRED LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., meets on Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Meets in the hall on 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. E. K. of P., meets on Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Meets in the hall on 1st and 3rd Mondays.

GRAN LODGE, No. 102, John V. G. Lodge, meets on Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Meets in the hall on 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 22, Independent Order of Sons of the United Empire, meets on Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Meets in the hall on 1st and 3rd Mondays.

Local Matters.

To Unveil Boulder.

Next Monday afternoon, the anniversary of the Battle of Rhode Island, there will be dedicated a boulder to mark the spot where the first skirmish of that battle was fought, in the town of Portsmouth. The exercises will take place at the corner of Union street and East Main road, and will be under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who gave the monument. The principal address will be made by Congressman William Paine Sheffield, and it is hoped that descendants of soldiers who took part in the skirmish may be obtained to unveil the flag.

The boulder was erected by the combined efforts of the William Ellery Chapter of this city and Colonel William Barton Chapter of Portsmouth. Mrs. T. A. Lawton being chairman of the committee. The inscription was as follows:

"In memory of those patriots who fought here in the first skirmish of the Battle of Rhode Island, August 29th, 1778. Erected by the William Ellery and Colonel William Barton Chapters, Daughters of the American Revolution, 1910."

There is an exhibition in the window of Clarke's news room an illustration from the New York Times for next Sunday showing some of the men prominently identified with the entertainment of the fleet last week. Acting Mayor William Shepley has a fine picture, and it is carefully labelled "Mayor John B. Sullivan." A splendid likeness of Senator Wetmore is marked "Dr. Ramsey."

The State board of public roads has revoked the license of Harry G. Andrews of this city for a period of three months on account of a charge of reckless driving that had been preferred against him. He was driving an auto delivery for the Andrews Express on July 15, and when near the corner of Bellevue avenue and Mill street was in collision with a horse and runaway belonging to William Gammell.

Governor Fort of New Jersey, accompanied by his wife and daughter, are expected to arrive in Newport today.

Representative Council.

There was a slimly attended meeting of the representative council on Wednesday evening, there being a little more than a quorum present at the opening of the session and the meeting being broken up at the last by the deliberate withdrawing of certain members for the purpose of breaking a quorum, in which they succeeded. There was practically no business transacted, with the exception of accepting land for a park in the southern portico of the city.

After the reading of the records of the last meeting, a petition was presented from Lorrillard Spencer, Lewis Quenlin Jones, Elton French Vanderbilt, Nathaniel Bayard Brown, G. M. Hutton, Alexander Agassiz estate, H. D. Anselm, Henry White, and Charles F. Hoffman, stating that they would purchase the land enclosed by Narragansett avenue, Marchant street, Wellington avenue, and Clinton street, and present it to the city, if the council would accept the same and agree to improve and beautify the land as a park within two years. It was explained that the land in question is popularly known as the Marchant street dump, and the bond of aldermen has recently laid out a public highway through it.

Mr. J. Henry Brown, attorney for the petitioners, was present and was invited to speak upon the subject, occupying a few minutes in further explanation of the matter. The petition was then received and the accompanying resolution, authorizing the board of aldermen to accept the deeds when approved by the city solicitor, was passed.

The committee of 20 presented a communication stating that they believed that the new police station should be of attractive architecture and should also be located in some place other than Market square. The communication was received, and the trouble was started. Dr. Brackett presented a motion that the committee on new police station be directed to report a second possible site as an alternative report to the one already presented. Dr. Squire suggested that the south side of Market square be cleared of buildings in order to give a wider passage. Mr. Tanner and Mr. J. H. Sullivan spoke in favor of the present site, and Dr. Brackett's motion was laid on the table for a time.

The committee's report on the station was then taken up, and Mr. Tanner explained it at considerable length. The resolution providing for the issuing of bonds and building the station was taken up, and the date for issuing the bonds was fixed as January 1st, 1911. After some discussion the resolution as a whole was put to vote and was defeated, 47 voting in favor and 62 against. A resolution directing the board of aldermen to build the building was allowed to lie upon the table. The motion to refer the matter back to the committee to report an alternate site was then called from the table and passed. Petitions for remission of taxes were received and referred to the assessors, as follows: George H. Fearling and George R. Fearling, Jr., as executors of the will of Amy I. Sheldon, deceased; W. D. Henderson, and Thomas G. Hazard, Robert Ives Goddard and Robert W. Golet petitioned for a fire hydrant on Narragansett avenue and the petition was granted.

The report of the committee to consider the matter of adjusting the ward lines of the city to conform to the district lines for assembly elections, was presented, the committee recommending that the district lines be adopted. Mr. Levy presented the report for the committee and explained the matter, showing that endless confusion would result if there are two different boundaries for the same election. The report was received and the accompanying ordinance was taken up for consideration. Mr. J. B. Sullivan wanted the matter to go over for a time in order that those absent from this meeting might have an opportunity to be heard. Mr. W. W. Sherman thought that the absentees were not entitled to consideration. Mr. Levy further explained the necessity for immediate action, saying that 10 polling places would be necessary and the expense of the election would be doubled if the change were not made. A motion to carry the matter over to the next meeting was made and lost on a rising vote. Several members opposed to the measure hastily left the chamber and Mr. Sullivan raised the question of a quorum. A roll call was ordered and it was found that there was not a quorum present, the doors being closed to prevent further exits. A motion was made to adjourn for one week and was carried.

The annual meeting of the Rhode Island Society Sons of the Revolution will be held on Monday next, Aug. 29th, at 7:30 p.m. the anniversary of the battle of Rhode Island. The members will all down to the annual dinner immediately after the business session is over.

Larned Defends Title.

William A. Larned is again the winner of the National Lawn Tennis tournament, and by virtue of holding the championship for three years in succession is entitled to possession of the championship cup, on which his name had already been engraved for five previous victories. His battle this year was one of the most spectacular of any, and he had no mean opponent in T. C. Bundy of California, who surprised everybody on Wednesday by defeating the skillful B. C. Wright in an easy match.

There was an immense crowd at the championship match on Thursday and although it was generally believed that Larned would successfully defend his title there were those who thought that Bundy might accomplish the unexpected. As it was, Larned had a fight all the way, and although his sets were won much more easily than were Bundy's there was hardly a moment when he dared to let up. His wisdom and superior staying qualities were largely responsible for the victory. Larned took the first match, 6-1, Bundy the second, 7-5, Larned the third, 8-0, Bundy the fourth 8-0, and Larned the fifth, 6-1. The match was one of the most exciting in years.

The purpose of the tournament was the contest for winner in the all-coners on Wednesday when T. C. Bundy defeated Beals C. Wright in four sets. Bundy had all the best of the match, taking the first two sets, 6-2, 6-3, losing the third, 6-8, and winning the fourth in a deuce set, 10-8. It was everywhere expected that Wright would win the all-coners and challenge Larned for the championship. Aside from this match there were few unexpected results during the tournament.

Nurses Graduate.

The new Nurses Home on Broadway was the scene of the graduating exercises of the training school for nurses connected with the Newport Hospital, on Thursday evening. The reception hall, where the exercises were held, was attractively decorated and presented a handsome appearance. President William P. Bullum of the Hospital presided and presented the diplomas and pins to the following graduates: Mabelle Alice Fletcher, Florence Madeline Perley, Lillie Archibald McCurdy, Abbie Easton Greene, Sara Shaw, Hester Ester, Lily Carlisle MacKay, and Henrietta Frances Ruel. The principal address was delivered by Dr. H. C. Hirst of Philadelphia. Mrs. Mary Curley Rooney sang several selections, accompanied by Mr. H. Wood Thompson. Prayer was offered by Rev. Gustavus A. Hulbert.

Drowned in Camp.

Robert A. Bradley, son of Harry H. Bradley of this city, was drowned at Narragansett in the town of North Kingstown on Wednesday while bathing at the camp of the boys of Trinity Parish from this city. Young Bradley, who was only fifteen years of age, was not a regular attendant at the camp, but had a holiday from his work on Wednesday and went over there for a day's outing with the boys there.

The body was not recovered immediately and Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of the church, immediately started for the scene of the tragedy, taking two men with him to search for the body.

Bradley was employed at the Newport Reading Room and was well liked by all who knew him.

The police had a busy time of it while the Atlantic fleet was in. Not only were their duties increased by the presence of the sailors but also by the large number of visitors who came here to see them. As a rule the city was free from attempts at serious crime, the worst offense reported being an attempt to pick a pocket in the crowd on the streets Saturday night. The police landed one man and sent him to the State Farm on the charge of larceny. There were many minor rows, but the provost guards from the ships were of vast assistance to the police in handling the sailors.

The Newport poor fund for aged persons has received a substantial increase this week, the residue of the estate of the late Frank Hammett having been turned over to the city by the administrator, Clark Burdick, Esq. The amount given to the fund is \$29,645.69, and the previous balance in the fund on December 31, 1909, was \$104,034.31. This makes a substantial fund for the care of the city's poor.

Next Wednesday is the last day for paying the city taxes without incurring a penalty. As this penalty is at the rate of 12 per cent and is strictly enforced it would be a good idea to get paid up before that time comes around. The tax collector's office is a busy place these days and the taxes are coming in rapidly in an attempt to avoid the penalty.

Departure of the Fleet.

The great Atlantic fleet has sailed from Newport after the officers and men had put in a busy and pleasant week in these waters. The entertainment accorded to them by the citizens of Newport was one of the finest ever offered, and as some of the men said it was fully up to anything that they enjoyed while on their famous cruises around the world, when the people of many different nations strove to do them honor.

Acting Mayor Shepley has received the following letter of appreciation from Admiral Schmeder in command of the fleet:

United States Atlantic Fleet, U. S. S. Connecticut—Flagship, Newport, R. I., Aug. 22, 1910.

Dear Sir: As the time approaches for the Atlantic fleet to sail from the hospitable waters of Newport, I wish to express to you the thanks of all for the generous and successful efforts that have been made to entertain our visitors. I apprehend that many have joined hands in the liberal welcome extended to the men, and, if possible, I shall try your kind services to convey to those contributors the assurance of a very warm appreciation. Our visit has been made most delightful, and the memory will linger very pleasantly. I remain, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

SEATED SCHMEDER, Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy.

William Shepley, Esq., Acting Mayor of Newport, Newport, Rhode Island.

The committee in charge of the affair found it to be no small job to clean up after the clamblers were over. It was at first intended to have an auction of the various articles left over on Friday afternoon but as the clamblers on that day was postponed until afternoon on account of the rain, the auction took place on Saturday. Some of the articles brought good prices, and about \$500 were realized from the sale.

Monday afternoon the fleet attained slowly out of the harbor on its way to the Virginia coast for drill and practice. There was an immense number of people on the shores to see them go, and all the small boats in the harbor and many larger vessels took out parties to see the departure. It made a magnificent sight to see the great fleet of battleships pass through the narrow and out into the open ocean.

Last Sunday was one of the biggest days ever known in Newport. The weather was ideal and in consequence there was a vast number of strangers in the city. Many came for the sole purpose of seeing the ships and sailors, and as the vessels were upon for inspection all day the boatmen reaped a harvest in taking the visitors out to them. There were many visitors where the streets were thronged as seldom before. There were immense crowds at the Beach all day, and the street cars had more business than they could comfortably handle.

The illumination of the fleet on Saturday evening drew many people to the water front and the display was most imposing.

There have been lots of automobile mishaps in Newport during the past two weeks, but fortunately few of them had resulted in bodily injury. Several of the summer residents have had mud guards and fenders bent or broken. There has been almost an epidemic of reckless driving. Out in the county towns the police have instituted an active crusade against auto speeding.

State Librarian Brigham, under authority of the Legislature, has appointed Miss Edith M. Tilley of this city Deputy State Record Commissioner. She will have charge of the work of completing the compilation of Revolutionary records which was begun by her father, the late R. Hammett Tilley.

Mayor Hoyle has sufficiently recovered from his recent attack of typhoid fever to be able to drive out daily. Although of course he is still weak his condition has improved wonderfully and he hopes to be able to resume his duties before long.

There have been several fool messages picked up in bottles off Newport this week, purporting to tell of wrecks in this vicinity. The person who will be guilty of such childish yet dangerous tricks would be improved by a judicious spanking.

Private Lemuel O. Jones, of the Coast Artillery Corps, committed suicide by shooting in the barracks at Fort Greble last Saturday. The body was shipped to his home in Greensburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard B. Scott and Mr. and Mrs. John E. Holt are enjoying a three weeks' vacation in northern New Hampshire, where they have taken a cottage.

Ex-Mayor Frederick P. Garretson has withdrawn his charge of assault that he preferred against Chief of Police James R. Crowley.

Mrs. Craig Biddle is progressing as rapidly as possible following an operation for appendicitis at the Newport Hospital.

Recent Deaths.

Henry C. Stevens.

Mr. Henry Clay Stevens died at his residence on Washington square Tuesday evening after a considerable illness. During the winter and early spring he had been very ill and at that time it was feared that his advanced age would so weaken his constitution that his illness might prove fatal. He rallied from that attack however and during the summer he had been in fair health, and was able to be out of doors. A short time ago he began to fall rapidly and lacked the vigor to successfully combat the illness. The death of his wife about a year ago was a severe blow to him and since that time he had noticeably weakened. He was in his eighty-first year having passed his eightieth birthday on June 13th last.

Mr. Stevens had had a remarkable career as an officer of the Newport National Bank. Entering the employ of that institution as a clerk in 1818, at the age of 18 years, he had retained his connection with it until his death, a period of 92 years, and for more than 68 years he had been its cashier. Such a record is hard to equal anywhere in the country. He served but four years as cashier, being promoted to cashier in 1852 when Stephen Cabana was removed by death. During all these years Mr. Stevens has been the active head of the bank. In addition to his duties as cashier he was a member of the board of directors and his advice was generally followed in banking matters. He was also connected with the Savings Bank of Newport in the capacity of trustee for many years and a few years ago was elected vice president of that institution.

Mr. Stevens was a son of William and Elizabeth Stevens and was born in Newport on June 18, 1830, being a descendant of an old Newport family. He was educated in the public schools and in 1848 began his life work with the Newport National Bank. He took a deep interest in various matters outside the bank, and had held positions of trust in the community. He was at one time a member of the school committee, one of the commissioners of the Newport Asylum, and a trustee of the Newport School Fund. He had been for more than 48 years secretary and treasurer of the Island Cemetery Company, an institution of which his father was one of the incorporators. He was a devoted attendant at the Channing Memorial Church and had been its treasurer for about twenty-five years.

He was a man of sterling integrity, honored and esteemed by all who knew him.

He is survived by three sons, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Edward K. Stevens, and William Stevens. His wife, who was Miss Abby T. Knight of New Bedford, died last summer. They were married on December 1, 1853, and celebrated their golden wedding anniversary more than six years ago.

Mrs. Sarah T. Zabriskie.

Mrs. Sarah Tine Zabriskie died at her residence, "Zabriskie House," on Rhode Island avenue and Catherine street, early Thursday morning, after having been in failing health for several months. She was one of the best known summer residents of Newport and had spent her summers here for many years. Of late she had called Newport her permanent home and her handsome house had been open for the greater part of the year.

Mrs. Zabriskie took a deep interest in the work of St. John's Church and was the donor of the handsome church edifice which she built as a memorial to her mother. She was always liberal in her gifts to the church and was highly esteemed by all the members. She is survived by one daughter, who made her home with her mother.

The members of William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R., found that Westley was too difficult of access to make it advisable to attend the semi-annual conference of the State organization in that city on Thursday.

Hon. John McLane, ex-Governor of New Hampshire, was in town on Thursday with a party on an automobile trip through Southern New England. He took in the tennis on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. William Burlingham of Newport News, Va., has been the guest of his mother, Mrs. Thomas Burlingham, in Newport this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish will not come to Newport for the fall season as they had intended.

Col. John Jacob Aitor has closed his Newport residence and has gone to Bar Harbor.

Mr. Ray Barker is here from Cuba to visit his mother, Mrs. A. A. Barker.

Mr. Harry Alger has returned from his European trip.

Resolutions of Sympathy.

The following resolutions of respect to the memory of the late R. Hammett Tilley were passed unanimously by both branches of the General Assembly on Friday last.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove by death R. Hammett Tilley of Newport, for fourteen years State Record Commissioner of the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantings; and

WHEREAS, During his incumbency in office he has steadfastly sought to preserve the records and memorials of this state and has gathered together for posterity valuable material from the archives of the cities and towns and he has performed his duty without thought of reward but with a painstaking interest of his cherished work; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That the General Assembly, on behalf of the people of the State of Rhode Island, herewith express profound appreciation of the able services of the late R. Hammett Tilley and that in token of its recognition of this loss to the State and to the community.

RESOLVED, That this resolution be incorporated into the Journals of the Senate and the House of Representatives of this General Assembly and that the Secretary of State is hereby requested to convey a copy hereof to the bereaved family of the deceased official.

MIDDLETOWN.

Rev. Arthur Rogers of West Chester, Penn., will preach at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Sunday morning. The afternoon services have been discontinued for the summer.

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Davol, wife of Captain William G. Davol, chief of the Fall River fire department, died at the home of Mrs. Joseph P. Albion, on Saturday last at the age of 55 years. The family had spent the consecutive seasons here as summer visitors and this year Mrs. Davol had come to recuperate after a serious operation. She failed to continue to gain and took to her bed two weeks before she died being cared for by her daughter, Miss Martha Davol, and by a trained nurse, Captain Davol, being unable to wholly leave his duties in the city, came through in his automobile each afternoon. The body was taken to Fall River Saturday night.

Rev. Clayton E. Delamater, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Four Corners, left on Thursday for Bethlehem, N. H., where he has annually spent his vacation for quite a period of years, being a sufferer from hay fever. Mrs. Delamater will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Billings of West Bridgewater, during his absence. The son, Edgar Delamater, is spending the summer with his grandparents at Plymouth, Mass. Mr. Delamater's pulpit will be supplied by Rev. Joseph Cooper of Newport on Sunday afternoon. The session of the Sunday School will be omitted and also the weekly Friday evening meetings of the Epworth League which will be merged into a Sunday evening service conducted by the League during Mr. Delamater's vacation of five weeks.

A number of farmers commenced their fall mowing last week.

The Citizens' Association will hold a business meeting on Friday evening at the town hall to plan for their annual outing. Previous field days at Island Park with a clam bake have been unusually successful.

Worthy Master N. Horace Peckham and wife, of Aquidneck Grange, with several other members of the order, attended the annual Field Day of the Rhode Island State Grange held by invitation of Quakeress Grange, No. 44, in Essex Grove two miles from East Greenwich, on Thursday. A clam bake was served and speakers of national repute were heard in the afternoon. As the date fell upon the annual Children's Day of Aquidneck Grange the members of this order were somewhat divided in their attendance at the two functions.

Aquidneck Grange gave a picnic at Vaucluse on Thursday for Children's Day. Mrs. William C. Hubbard had charge of the programme, which included jumping, running, and sack races and pitching quoits. Blue ribbons and prizes were awarded to the winners. Refreshments were served by the executive committee of the Grange, Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. John Nicholson and Mrs. George W. Smith. The State Grange Field Day was held on the same day and kept some away from the picnic, but the affair was a success nevertheless.

Representative Franklin will leave here to-morrow to attend the National Tax Association Convention to be held in Milwaukee next week. Lieutenant Governor Bliss, Senators Bowen and Bennett, and Representative Franklin, with Executive Secretary Tobie, as clerk of the Commission, are the members who will go to Milwaukee.

There were two big excursions in Newport on Wednesday and Thursday, both coming from New London. The C. W. Chapin brought a large number of passengers on Wednesday, and the City of Lowell was also well filled on Thursday.

Miss Martha B. Sherman, money order clerk at the postoffice for a number of years, died on Friday after having been in poor health for some time. She was a daughter of the late Wanton T. Sherman of Portsmouth.

There was a brief session of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, when routine business was transacted and weekly bills and payrolls were approved.

Mr. T. T. Pitman has returned from his European trip.

GOOSE

CHAPTER II.
FOR HER COUNTRY.

"COUNT, must I tell you again not to breach that subject? There can be no alliance between Ehrenstein and Jugendheim."

"Why?" asked Count von Herbeck, chancellor.

"One of my reasons is that I do not want any alliance with a country so perfidious as Jugendheim. What I make overtures to, who have been so cruelly wronged all these years? You are mad."

"But what positive evidence have you that Jugendheim wronged you?"

"Positive? Have I eyes and ears? Have I not seen and read and heard?"

"Your highness knows that I look only to the welfare of the country. In the old days it was a foregone conclusion that this alliance was to be formed. Now, you persist in averring that the late king was the chief conspirator in abducting her serene highness, aided by Arnberg, whose successor I have the honor to be. I have never yet seen any proofs. Show me something which absolutely convicts them and I'll surrender."

"On your honor?"

"My word."

The duke struck a bell.

"My secretary and tell him to bring me the packet marked A. He will understand."

"The duke was frank in his likes and dislikes. He hated secrets, and he loved an opponent who engaged him in the open. It was this extraordinary reticence which made the duke so powerful an aid to Hismarek in the days that followed. The man of iron needed this sort of character as a cover and a buckler to his own duplicities. Herbeck was an excellent foil. He was as silent and secretive as sand. He moved, as it were, in circles, thus always eluding dangerous corners. He was tall, angular, with a thin, immobile countenance, well guarded by his gray eyes and straight lips. He was a born flunkey, with almost limitless ambition, though only he himself knew how far this ambition reached. Twice he had saved Ehrenstein from the dragnet of war and with honor."

The secretary came in and laid a thin packet of papers on the chancellor's desk.

The secretary bowed and withdrew. The duke stirred the papers angrily, took one of them and spread it out with a rasp.

"Look at that. Whose writing, I ask?"

Herbeck ran over it several times. At length he opened a drawer in his desk, sorted some papers and brought out a yellow letter. This he laid down beside the other.

"Yes, they are alike. This will be Arnberg's. But—mildly—who may say that it is not a cunning forgery?"

"Forgery!" roared the duke. "Read this one from the late king of Jugendheim to Arnberg then if you still doubt."

Herbeck read slowly and carefully. Then he rose and walked to the nearest window, studying the letter again in the sharper light.

Herbeck returned to his chair. "I wish that you had shown me these long ago. You accused the king?"

"Certainly, but he denied it."

"In a letter?"

"Yes. Here, read it."

Herbeck compared the two. "Where did you find these?"

"In Arnberg's desk," returned the duke. "Arnberg, my boyhood playmate, the man I loved and trusted and advanced to the highest office in my power. Is that not the way? Well, dead or alive, 10,000 crowns to him who brings Arnberg to me dead or alive."

"You are very bitter," said Herbeck. "And have I not cause? Did not my wife die of a broken heart, and did I not become a broken man? You do not know all. Herbeck—not quite all. Franz also sought the hand of the Princess Sofia. He, too, loved her, but I won. Well, his revenge must have been sweet to him."

"But your daughter has been restored to her own."

"Due to your indefatigable efforts alone. Ah, Herbeck, nothing will ever fill up the gap between me and the mother." The duke bowed his head.

Herbeck opened another drawer and took forth a long hood envelope crested and sealed.

"Your highness, here is a letter from the prince regent of Jugendheim formally asking the hand of the Princess Hildegard for his nephew Frederick, who will shortly be crowned. My advice is to accept, to let bygones be bygones."

"Write the prince that I respectfully decline."

"Do nothing in haste, your highness. Temporarily. Say that you desire some time to think about the matter. You can change your mind at any time. A peep like this commits you to nothing, whereas your abrupt refusal will only widen the breach."

"The wider the breach the better."

"No, no, your highness; the past has disturbed you. We can stand war, and it is possible that we might win, even against Jugendheim, but war at this late day would be a colossal blunder. Victory would leave us where we began thirty years ago. And an

THE GIRL



By

HAROLD MacGRATH

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insult to Jugendheim might precipitate war."

"Have your way, then."

The duke departed, stirred as he had not been since the restoration of the princess. He sought his daughter. She was in the music room. "My child," he began, taking Hildegard's hand and drawing her toward a window seat, "the king of Jugendheim asks for your hand."

"Then I am to marry the king of Jugendheim?" There was little joy in her voice.

"Ah, we have not gone so far as that! The king, through his uncle, has simply made a proposal."

"It is for you to decide, father. Whatever your decision I shall abide by it."

"It is a hard lesson we have to learn, my child. We cannot always marry where we love. Diplomacy and politics make other plans. But fortunately for you you love no one yet, and the king is young, handsome, they say, and rich. Politically speaking, it would be a great match."

"I am in your hands. You know what is best."

The duke was poignantly disappointed. Why did she not refuse outright, as became one of the house of Ehrenstein?

"What is he like?" she asked.

"That no one seems to know. He has been to his capital but twice in ten years. The young king has been in Paris most of the time. That's the way they educate kings these days. They teach them all the vices. Your father loves you, and if you are inclined toward his majesty, it is in your heart to become a queen. I shall not let my prejudices stand in the way."

She caught up his hand with a strange passion and kissed it.

"Father, I do not want to marry any one," wistfully. "But a queen?" she added thoughtfully. "Would it be for the good of the state?"

Here was reason. "Yes; my objections are merely personal," said the duke.

"For the good of my country, I am ready to make any sacrifice."

"Very well, but weigh the matter carefully. There is never any retreating a step of this kind." He paused and then said:

"You are all I have, girl."

"My father?" She stroked his cheek. The restoration of the Princess Hildegard of Ehrenstein had been the sensation of Europe, as had been in the earlier days her remarkable abduction. For sixteen years the search had gone on fruitlessly. In a garret in Dresden the agents of Herbeck found her, a singer in the chorus of the opera. The newspapers and illustrated weeklies raged about her for awhile, elaborated the story of her struggles, the mysterious remittances which had from time to time saved her from direct poverty, her ambition, her education which by dint of hard work she had acquired. The duke accused Franz of Jugendheim. Search as they would, the duke and the chancellor never traced the source of the remittances. The duke held stubbornly that the sender of these benefactions was moved by the impulse of a guilty conscience and that this guilty conscience was in Jugendheim.

And was the girl happy with all her new grandeur, with all these lackeys and attendants and environs? Sometimes she longed for the freedom and lack care of her Dresden garret, her musician friends, the studios, the crash and glitter of the opera.

She was lovely enough to inspire fervor and homage and love in all masculine minds. She was witty and talented. Carmichael said she was one of the most beautiful women in all Europe.

She was still in the window seat when the chancellor was announced.

"Your highness," he said, "I am come to announce to you that there waits for you a high place in the affairs of the world."

"The second crown in Jugendheim?"

"Your father."

"Yes. He leaves the matter wholly in my hands."

"It is for the good of the state. A princess like yourself must never wed an inferior."

"Would a man who was brave and kind and resourceful, but without a title—would he be an inferior?"

"Assuredly politically. And I regret to say that your marriage could never be else than a matter of politics."

"I am, then, simply a certificate of exchange?"

"The king of Jugendheim is young. I do not see how he can help loving you."

the moment he knows you. Will you. And the chancellor smiled.

"But he may not be heart whole."

"He will be politically."

"Politics, politics—how I hate the word! Sometimes I regret my garret."

The chancellor wrinkled his lips.

"Will you consent to this marriage?"

"Would it do any good to reject it?"

"On the contrary, it would do Ehrenstein great harm."

"Give me a week," wearily.

"A week!" There was joy on the chancellor's face now, unmasked, unconcealed. "Oh, when the moment comes that I see the crown of Jugendheim on your beautiful head all my work shall not have been in vain. There is one thing more, your highness."

"And that?"

"There must not be so many rides in the morning with his excellency Herr Carmichael."

There was a sinister note of warning in the chancellor's voice.

The Black Eagle (Zum Schwartz Adler) in the Adressgasse was 200 years old and had been in the Bauer family all that time.

Had the manager, Frau Bauer, or Frau Wirtin, as she was familiarly called, been masculine she would have been lightly dubbed Bauer VII. She was a widow. She was thirty-eight, plump, pretty and wise.

Tonight the main room of the tavern swam in a blue haze of smoke, which rose to the blackened rafters, hung with many and various sausages, cheeses and dried vegetables. Dishes clattered, there was a buzzing of voices, a scraping of feet and chairs, a banging of tankards.

Gretchen came in, a little better dressed than in the daytime, the change consisting of coarse stockings and shoes of leather, of which she was correspondingly proud.

"Will you wait me, Frau Wirtin, for a little while tonight?" she asked.

"Ill! A crown as usual."

Gretchen sought the kitchen and found an apron and cap. These half-crowns were fine things to pick up occasionally, for it was only upon occasions that she worked at the Black Eagle. In an obscure corner sat the young vintner. His face brightened as he saw the goose girl. In the very corner itself was the mountaineer who possessed a Swiss watch and gave golden coins to goose girls. He was busily engaged in gnawing the leg of a chicken.

Carmichael was often a visitor at the Black Eagle. Later he stepped into the big hall in his evening clothes.

"Good evening, Frau Wirtin."

"Good evening, your excellency."

She was quite flattered when this fine young man spoke to her. "What is on your mind?"

"Many things," he said. Gretchen. "The goose girl," he murmured suddenly. "Is Gretchen one of your waitresses?"

"She comes in once in awhile. She's a good girl. I'm glad to help her."

Gretchen saw Carmichael and nodded.

"I shall be at your table," he said, indicating the vacant chair. Carmichael made his way to the table.

Across the room he had not recognized the vintner, but now he remembered. He had crowded him against a wall

two or three days before. The vintner turned back the lid of his stein and drank slowly.

Carmichael sat down. Now, this vintner's face was something familiar. Carmichael stirred his memory. It was not in Dreiberg that he had seen him before. But where?

Gretchen arrived with the tankard, which she set down at Carmichael's elbow.

"Will you not join me, Herr?" he invited.

"Thank you," said the vintner. Gretchen took up the empty tankard and made off. Carmichael was first to speak.

"She is the handsomest peasant I ever saw or knew."

"You know her? There was a spark in the vintner's eyes."

"Only for a few days. She interests me," Carmichael produced a pipe and lighted it.

"Ah, yes; the pretty peasant girl always interests you gentlemen." There was a note of bitterness. "Did you come here to seek her?"

"You seem to possess a peculiar interest."

The vintner flushed. "I have that right," with an air which rather mystified Carmichael.

"That explains everything. I do not recollect seeing you before in the Black Eagle."

"I am from the north; a vintner, and there is plenty of work here in the valleys late in September."

"The grape," mused Carmichael. "You will never learn how to press it as they do in France. It is wine there; it is vinegar this side of the Rhine."

"France," said the vintner moodily. "Do you think there will be any France in the future?"

Carmichael laughed. "France is an incurable cosmic malady; it will always be. It may be beaten, devastated, throttled, but it will not die."

"You are fond of France?"

"Very."

"Do you think it wise to say so here?"

"I am the American consul; nobody minds my opinions."

"The American consul," repeated the vintner.

Gretchen set the tankards down, and Carmichael put out a silver crown.

"And do not bother about the change."

"All Americans are rich," she said solemnly.

The vintner laughed pleasantly.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG VINTNER.

CARMICHAEL thirstily drank his first tankard, thinking: "So this vintner is in love with our goose girl? Confound my memory! I would give 20 crowns to know where I have seen him. A fine beer," he said aloud, holding up the second tankard.

The vintner raised his. There was an unconscious grace in the movement. A covert glance at his hand satisfied Carmichael in regard to one thing. He might be a vintner, but the hand was as soft and well kept as a woman's.

Could a man with hands like these mean well toward Gretchen? Gretchen was both innocent and unworried. To the right man she might be easy prey; never to a man like Colonel von Willenstern, whose power and high office were like slither to any girl of the peasantry. But a man in the guise of her own class, of her own world and people, here was a snare Gretchen might not be able to foresee.

A tankard rapping a table nearby called Gretchen to her duties.

"Gretchen is beautiful enough to be a queen, and yet she is merely a Hebe in a tavern," remarked Carmichael.

"Hebe?" enigmatically.

"Hebe was a cup bearer to the mythological gods in olden times," Carmichael explained. He had set a trap, but the vintner had not fallen into it. "A fairy story," the vintner nodded. He understood now.

Carmichael would lay another trap. "What happened to her?"

"Oh," said Carmichael, "she spilled wine on a good one day, and they banished her."

"I must have been a rare vintner."

"I suppose you are familiar with all the valleys. Mosell?"

"Yes. That is a fine country."

The old man in lute sat erect in his chair.

"You have served?"

"A little. If I could be an officer I should like the army." The vintner reached for his pipe, which lay on the table.

"Try this," urged Carmichael, offering his pouch.

"This will be good tobacco, I know."

The vintner filled his pipe.

Carmichael followed this gift with many questions about wines and vineyards, and hidden in these questions were a dozen clever traps. But the other walked over them unheeding, with a certainty of step which charmed the trapper.

By and by the vintner rose and bade his table companion a good night. He had not offered to buy anything. This frugality was purely of the thrifty peasant. But the vintner expressed many thanks. On his way to the door he stopped and whispered into Gretchen's ear.

The press in the room was thinning. A carter sauntered past and sat down unconcernedly at the table occupied by the old man, whose face Carmichael had not yet seen. A little later a butcher approached the same table and seated himself. It was then that a dusty baker came along and repeated this procedure, and Carmichael's curiosity was enlivened. Undoubtedly they were Socialists, and this was a little conclave, and the peculiar manner of their meeting, the silence and mystery, were purely fictional.

Had Carmichael not fallen a-dreaming over his pipe he would have seen the old man pass three slips of paper across the table. He would have seen the carter, the butcher and the baker pocket these slips stolidly. He would have seen the mountaineer wave his hand sharply and the trio rise and disperse. Carmichael left the Black Eagle, nursing the sunken ember in his pipe.

Intermediately the mountaineer paid his score and started for the stairs which led to the bedrooms above. But he stopped at the bar. A very old man was having a pill filled with hot cabbage soup. It was the ancient clock mender across the way. The mountaineer was startled out of his habitual reserve. The clock mender had the aspect of a weary, broken man. He shuffled noiselessly out. The mountaineer followed him cautiously. Once in his shop the clock mender poured the steaming soup into a bowl, broke bread in it and began his evening meal. The other, his face pressed against the dim pane, stared and stared.

"Gott in blomme! It is he!" he gasped chokingly.

Krumerweg was indeed a crooked way. It formed a dozen elbows and ragged half circles as it slunk off from the Adressgasse. It was half after 9 when Gretchen and the vintner picked their way over cobbles pitted here and there with mudholes. They were arm in arm.

"Only a little farther," said Gretchen, for the vintner had never before passed over this way.

"Long as it is and crooked, heaven knows it is short enough!" He encircled her with his arms and kissed her. "I love you! I love you!" he said.

Her bosom swelled, her heart throbbled, and she breathed in ecstasy the sweet chill air that rushed through the broken street.

"After the vintage," she said, giving him a pressure. For this handsome fellow was to be her husband when the vines were pruned and freshened against the coming winter.

"After the vintage," he echoed. But there was tragedy in his heart as deep and profound as his love.

"My grandmother—I call her that, for I haven't any grandmother—is old and seldom leaves the house. I promised that after work tonight I'd bring my man home and let her see how hand some he is. She is always saying that we need a man about, and yet I can do a man's work as well as the next one. I love you, too, too!" She pulled his hand to her lips and quickly kissed it, frightened but unashamed.

"Gretchen, Gretchen!"

She stopped. "What is it?" keenly.

"There was pain in your voice."

"The thought of how I love you hurts me. There is nothing else, nothing, neither riches nor crowns, nothing but you, Gretchen."

They proceeded until they came to the end of their journey at No. 40 in the Krumerweg. It was a house of hanging gables, almost as old as the town itself.

Frau Schwarz, Gretchen's grandmother, owned the house. It was all that barricaded her from poverty's wolves, and what with sundry taxes and repairs and tenants, who paid infrequently, it was little enough.

Gretchen opened the door, which was unlocked. There was no light in the hall. She pressed her lover in her arms, kissed him lightly and pushed him into the living room. Gretchen ran forward, lighted two candles, then kissed the old woman seated in the one comfortable chair.

"Here I am, grandmother!"

"And who is with you?"

"My man!" cried Gretchen gayly.

"Bring him near me."

Gretchen gathered up two stools and placed them on either side of her grandmother and motioned to the vintner to sit down.

"Where are you from? You are not a Dreiburger," the old woman asked.

"From the north, grandmother."

"Your name."

"Leopold Dietrich, a vintner by trade."

"Give me your hand."

The vintner, looked surprised for a moment. Gretchen approved. So he gave the old woman his left hand. The grandmother smoothed it out upon her own and bent her shrewd eyes. A frown began to gather on the vintner's brow and a sweat in his palm.

"I see many strange things here," said the palmist in a brooding tone.

"What do you see?" asked Gretchen.

"I see very little of vineyards."

I see riches. I see rust armies moving against each other; powder and fire; devastation. I do not see you, young man, among those who tramp with guns on their shoulders. You ride. There is gold on your arms. You will become great. But I do not understand."

"War!" he murmured.

Gretchen's heart sank.

"Shall I live?" asked the vintner.

"There is nothing here save death in old age, vintner." Her gnarled hand seized his in a vise. "Do you mean well by my girl?"

"Grandmother!" Gretchen remonstrated.

The vintner withdrew his hand slowly.

"Is this the hand of a liar and a cheat? Is it the hand of a dishonest man?"

"There is no dishonesty there, but there are lines I do not understand. It is like seeing people in a mist. They pass instantly and disappear. But I repeat, do you mean well by my girl?"

"Before God and his angels I love her; before all mankind I would gladly declare it. Gretchen shall never come to harm at these hands. I swear it."

"I believe you." The old woman's form relaxed its tension.

There was a sound outside. A carriage had stopped. Some one opened the door and began to climb the stairs.

"There is something strange going on up there," said Gretchen in a whisper.

"Three times a yelled lady has called at night on a sick lodger; three times a man muffled up so one could not see his face."

"Let us not question our 20 crowns rent, Gretchen," interrupted the grandmother. "So long as no one is disturbed, so long as the police are not brought to our door, it is not our affair."

The vintner picked up his hat, and Gretchen led him to the street.

He hurried away, giving no glance at the closed carriage, the sleepy driver, the weary horse. Neither did he heed the man dressed as a carter who, when he saw the vintner, turned and followed. Finally when the vintner veered into the Adressgasse he stopped, his hands clinched, his teeth hard upon each other. He even leaned against the wall of a house, his face for the moment hidden in his arm.

"Wretch that I am! Damnable wretch! Krumerweg, Krumerweg! Crooked way, indeed!" He slung down his arm passionately. "There will be a God up yonder," looking at the stars. "He will see into my heart and know that it is not bad, only young. Oh, Gretchen!"

"Gretchen?" the carter stepped into a shadow and waited.

Carmichael did not enter the open

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Newport & Fall River Table.

In effect July 1, 1910.

Subject to change without notice.
Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, week days 5.50 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 10.30 p. m., then 11.30 p. m.
Sundays, 7.00 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.30 p. m., then 11.30 p. m.
Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 5.50 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 11.30 p. m., then 11.30 p. m.
Sundays 6.50 a. m., then same as week days.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 15, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00, 6.15, 8.30 a. m. and 10.30, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 5.30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 6.22 and 6.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for Beach 6.45 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner 6.50 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 6.50, 6.55 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m. and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6.45 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 6.45 a. m. then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin Street 6.22 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.22 a. m. then same as week days.

Subject to change without notice.

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New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect Oct. 3, 1909.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Tanglewood and Boston week days, 6.00, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m. 1.02, 3.02, 5.15, 8.15 p. m. Sundays leave Newport 7.00, 8.00, 11.00 a. m. 6.00, 8.15 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 8.02, 11.02 a. m. 1.02, 3.02, 5.15, 8.15 p. m.

Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m. 1.02, 3.02, 5.15, 8.15 p. m.

Providence—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m. 1.02, 3.02, 5.15, 8.15 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m. 1.02, 3.02, 5.15, 8.15 p. m.

New Bedford—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m. 1.02, 3.02, 5.15, 8.15 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m. 1.02, 3.02, 5.15, 8.15 p. m.

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THE GOOSE GIRL

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

that night. He had missed the ship, and the last was gruesome, and the royal box was vacant. Outside he sat down on one of the benches near the fountain in the Platz.

He left the bench and strolled around the fountain, his cane behind his back, his chin in his collar.

"Just a moment, my studious friend," he was saluted.

"Wallenstein! I didn't see you!" Carmichael halted.

"I'm absentminded," Carmichael admitted.

"Not always, my friend. Now, I do not believe that it was absentmindedness which made you step in between me and that pretty goose girl the other night."

"Ah!" Carmichael was all alertness.

"It was not, I believe?"

"It was coldly premeditated," said Carmichael, folding his arms over his chest, which he still held behind his back.

"But that happens to be an innocent girl, colonel. You're no Herod. You really annoyed her."

"Pretense. They always begin that way. I do not wish any quarrel, my captain. But that girl's face has fascinated me. I propose to see her as often as I like."

"I have no objection to offer. But I told Gretchen that if any one, no matter who, ever offers her disrespect to report the matter to me at the consulate."

"Well, in case she is what you consider insinuated with will you do?" a challenge in his tones.

"Report the matter to the police," Wallenstein laughed.

"And if the girl finds no redress there?" triumphantly, "to the chancellor."

The colonel laughed harshly and strode abruptly away.

Carmichael saw a carriage coming along. He recognized the white horse as it passed the fountains. He stood still for a space, undecided. Then he sped rapidly toward the side gates of the royal gardens. The vehicle stopped there. But this time no woman came out. Carmichael would have recognized that rank form anywhere. It was the chancellor. Well, what of it? Couldn't the chancellor go out in a common hack if he wanted to? But who was the lady in the veil? As soon as the chancellor disappeared Carmichael hailed the coachman and engaged him for a drive for 3 crowns.

Carmichael slid over to the forward seat and touched the Jehu on the back.

"Where did you take the chancellor tonight?" he asked.

"Du lieber Gott! Was that his excellency? He said he was the chief steward."

"So he is, my friend. I was only jesting. Where did you take him?"

"I took him to Krummerweg. He was there half an hour—No. 40."

"Where did you take the veiled lady?"

"The coachman drew in suddenly. 'Herr, are you from the police?'"

"Thousand thunders, no! It was by accident that I stood near the gate when she got out. Who was she?"

"That is better. They both told me that they were giving clarity. She went into No. 40. You won't forget an extra crown, here?"

"No; I'll make it five. Turn back and leave me at the Grand Hotel."

On the return to the hotel the station omnibuses had arrived with a solitary guest.

"Your excellency," said the concierge, rubbing his hands, "a compatriot of yours arrived this evening."

"What name?" indifferently.

"He is Hans Grumbach of New York."

"An adopted compatriot. It would seem. He'll probably be over to the consulate tomorrow to have his passports looked into. Good night."

So Hans Grumbach passed out of his mind; but for all that, fortune and opportunity were about to knock on Carmichael's door, for there was a great place in history ready for Hans Grumbach.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Ingenious Defense.

Nimble was a glib tongue frequently save erring "coppers" on trial before the deputy commissioner at headquarters. Some of the "defenses" put up by offenders are more ingenious than convincing. Not long ago a giant patrolman, accused of being about a quarter of a mile off his beat, evolved this excuse, "You see, I was like this, your honor, I was patrolling my post when I thought I heard a man up the street yelling 'Fire! Fire!' I ran in the direction of the sound, and would you believe me, Mr. Commissioner, there stood a fellow out on the sidewalk trying to wake up a friend of his on the second floor, and he was yelling with all his might 'Meyer! Meyer!' 'Well, that's a brand new one,'" said the trial commissioner, the suspicion of a smile crossing his face. "Complaint dismissed."

—New York Tribune.

Sumner's Ready Reply.

Charles Sumner when in London gave a ready reply. At a dinner given in his honor he spoke of "the ashes" of some dead hero. "Ashes! What American English!" rudely broke in an Englishman. "Just you mean, Mr. Sumner. We don't burn our dead in this country." "Yet," instantly replied Mr. Sumner, with a courteous smile, "your poet Gray tells us that 'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'" The American was not criticised again that evening.—Argonaut.

A Glorious Part.

"At last," exclaimed the low comedian, "I have a part that just suits me."

"Good," said the first old lady. "You are the only actor I ever knew who was thoroughly satisfied with his part. What is it?"

"Oh, the part isn't much, as far as that goes, but I'm supposed to be a burglar, and I break into a pantry and eat a real meal at every performance."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Wellington's Cool Interview With a Murderous Maniac.

One day as the Duke of Wellington sat writing at his library table quite alone his door was suddenly opened without a knock or announcement of any sort, and he stalked a gaunt man, who stood before the commander in chief with his hat on and a savage expression of countenance.

The duke was of course a little annoyed at such an unceremonious interruption, and, looking up, he asked, "Who are you?" "I am Dionysius," was the singular answer. "Well, what do you want?" "Your life," "My life?" "Yes; I am sent to kill you."

"Very odd," said the duke, sitting back and calmly gazing at the intruder. "Not at all, for I am Dionysius," said the stranger, "and I must put you to death." "Are you obliged to perform this duty today?" asked the commander in chief. "I am very busy just now and have a large number of letters to write. It would be very inconvenient today." The visitor looked hard during a moment's pause. "Call again," continued the duke, "or write and make an appointment." "You'll be ready?" "Without fail," was the reply.

The maniac, awed doubtless by the stern old soldier, backed out of the room without further words and half an hour later was safe in bedlam.—London Graphic.

FULL OF GRATITUDE.

But the Little One Had a Queer Way of Expressing It.

Mr. Brown's business kept him so occupied during the daytime that he had little opportunity to enjoy the society of his own children. When some national holiday gave him a day of leisure his young son was usually his chosen companion. One day, however, Mr. Brown, reproached by the wistful eyes of his seven-year-old daughter, reversed the order of things and invited the little girl to go with him for a long walk.

She was a shy, silent, small person, and during the two hours' stroll not a single word could Mr. Brown induce the little maid to speak, but her shining eyes attested that she appreciated his efforts to amuse her—indeed, she fairly glowed with suppressed happiness.

Just before they reached home, however, the child managed, but only after a tremendous struggle with her inherent timidity, to find words to express her gratitude.

"Tapa, what flower do you like best?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know, my dear—sunflowers, I guess."

"Then," cried the little girl, beaming with gratitude, "that's what I'll plant on your grave!"—Exchange.

Tennyson's Tactlessness.

Several stories are told of Tennyson's thoughtless speeches. "What fish is this?" he once asked his hostess where he was dining. "Willing," she replied. "The meanest fish there is," he remarked, quite unconscious that he could have wounded any one's feelings.

Yet his kindness of heart was such that when his partridge was afterward given him almost raw he ate steadily through it for fear his hostess might be vexed.

On one occasion Tennyson was very rude to Mrs. Brotherton, a neighbor at Freshwater. The next day he came to her house with a great cabbage under each arm.

"I heard you like these, so I brought them," he said genially. It was his idea of a peace offering.

Women's Time Schedules.

Few women speak of a train starting slightly off the even hour, as the 3:02 train, for example, or the 3:12. "Three" will do. It bothers a man a heap to go hunting for a 3 o'clock train by feminine directions when it is a 3:12 train. For some women "3" will do for the 3:54 train; it's near enough. Then the man following feminine directions, unless he is on his guard against these pitfalls, is lost. Probably if it weren't for his business training, which teaches a man that 3:02 is not 3, not 3:01, not 3:01½, not 3:01¾, but 3:02, he'd be better natured about women's time schedules.—Boston Post.

The Soft Answer.

Two men were occupying a double seat in a crowded car. One of them was a long distance whistler and the other was evidently annoyed. "You don't seem to like my whistling," said the noisy one after a five minute continuous performance. "No, I don't," was the frank reply. "Well," continued the other, "maybe you think you are man enough to stop it?" "No, I don't think I am," rejoined the other, "but I hope you are." And the whistling was discontinued.—Argonaut.

Warmth Not Wanted.

"This would be a pleasant world if people put more warmth—genuine warmth—in their letters," said the man of sentiment.

"I don't agree with you," replied his worried friend, "there was a warmth about some of the business letters I got this morning that I didn't at all like."

Didn't Hide His Joy.

Janet—Viola says there was only one drawback to her wedding. Fanny—What was that? Janet—She says her father looked too cheerful when he gave her away.—Boston Globe.

Title and Ancestry render a good man more illustrious, but an ill one more contemptible.—Addison.

Domestic Difficulty.

Old Lady (turning to neighbor during last act of tragedy)—Eb, mister, but them 'Amlets' and 'a deal of trouble in their family!—London Punch.

"Time enough" always proves little enough.—Franklin.

MODEST VICTOR HUGO.

The Great Master Thought No Honor Too Great For Himself.

It was Theophile Gautier who said something to the effect that if he thought that one line of the great master, Victor Hugo, was bad he would not acknowledge it to himself if he were alone at the bottom of a dark well. On another occasion Gautier spoke of Victor Hugo as "a new Moses fresh from Sinai, charged to deliver the tablets of the law." Decidedly, Victor Hugo was a man who knew how to cast a spell upon those about him. For example, look at the following picture drawn in the "Souvenir sur Turgenieff."

"One evening Hugo's admirers assembled in his drawing room, were competing with one another in the eulogy of his genius, and the idea was thrown out, that the street in which he lived ought to bear his name. Some one suggested that the street was too small to be worthy of so great a poet, and the honor of bearing his name ought to be assigned to some more important thoroughfare. Then they proceeded to enumerate the most popular quarters of Paris, in an ascending scale, until one man exclaimed with enthusiasm that it would be an honor for the city of Paris itself to be renamed after the man of genius. Hugo, leaning against the mantelpiece, listened complacently to these flatterers outbidding each other. Then, with an air of one engaged in deep thought, he turned to a young man and said to him in his grand style, 'Even that will come, my friends—even that will come.'—Rookman.

THE OVARINAS.

Picturesque Barefooted Fish Hawkers of Portugal.

The ovarinas are perhaps the most interesting people in Portugal. They are probably the lineal descendants of the original inhabitants of the land, and now come from a small place called Murtosa (Estarreja), not far from Oporto. As the termination indicates, the ovarinas are the women of these people.

Both old and young, for even young children are thus employed, are exceedingly active and energetic. They go about barefoot, wearing a peculiar costume, and carrying huge baskets of a peculiar shape on their heads. They travel many miles a day and penetrate into every corner of the city, crying their wares in a loud, unmusical shout. They mount even to the sixth floor and bargain with buyers. They go barefoot not because of their poverty, many of them possessing expensive gold ornaments, but because they can thus more easily cover the many miles they run during the day. Attempts have been made to do away with this method of selling fish, but they have all failed. The customers like to deal with these fish girls and can purchase from them very small amounts.

Fish is not purchased by weight, but by the fish or part of fish. The price averages 12 to 15 cents per pound. There are not less than 2,000 ovarinas engaged in selling fish in Lisbon.—Consular Report.

When He Didn't Stutter.

A confirmed stutterer went into a restaurant and met a few casual acquaintances, who at once commenced chaffing him most unmercifully respecting the impediment in his speech. At last one of them, a pert little fellow who had been making himself rather conspicuous by his remarks, said, "Well, old man, I'll bet suppers round you can't order them without stammering." "D-d-d-d-d," says Brown, and, to the astonishment of the company and the discomfort of his challenger (all of whom were unaware of his being, as is often the case with stutterers, a first class singer), he beckoned the waiter and sang the order without the slightest hitch, then, turning round to his tormentor, said, "N-n-n-n-n, y-y-y-y-y c-c-c-c-c p-p-p-p-p."—Argonaut.

The Start of an Author.

Soon after "Treasure Island" had appeared and attracted public attention to Robert Louis Stevenson, two gentlemen were traveling up to London from Norfolk. One of them was reading "Treasure Island." Presently, having finished the book, he dropped it into his traveling bag, remarking: "Well, I think I could myself write a better child's story than that." The other, who, by the way, was his brother, urged him to try. Six weeks afterward the former handed to the latter a complete tale in manuscript. It was "King Solomon's Mines." The first novel that made a reputation for Mr. Rider Haggard.

The Phenological Test.

A distinguished phenologist while dining at a hotel stated at the table that he had formed an opinion of the character of each one present. An Irishman said that he would propound a question and that if it was truthfully answered he would forever believe in phenology. The phenologist said he was satisfied and told him to proceed. "Thin," said the Irishman, "will yez be after tellin' me am I married or single?"—London Telegraph.

Sweet.

"I think your wife has such a sweet voice."

"So do I. She gets \$1,200 a year for spilling part of it in a church choir."—Boston Transcript.

A Possible Exception.

Wife—Isn't it a fact, dear, that handsome men are proverbially disagreeable? Husband—Well, I don't know. I always try to be pleasant.

Some Pay More.

The man was looking over the family bills as his wife glanced through the paper.

"Oh, John," she said, "it tells here of a young fellow who was fined \$50 for flirting."

"That's cheaper than I got off," replied the man, his eye still on the bills.—Philadelphia Ledger.

FORCE OF GRAVITY.

How It Would Affect Man's Weight on the Celestial Bodies.

If the planet Mars were really inhabited by the people who live there must be an exceedingly ugly race. The average weight of a man is about 140 pounds, but the force of gravity on Mars is so much less than on the earth that the 140 pound man would weigh only fifty-three pounds if he were transported thither. With such light weight, and still retaining the same strength, an individual would be able to run with the speed of an express train, go skipping over ten foot walls and do various other extraordinary things. On the moon a man would be even lighter.

But on the sun our 140 pounder would have his troubles. Instead of being an airy individual he would weigh in the neighborhood of a ton and three-quarters. He would probably have the greatest difficulty in raising his hand, for that member would weigh about 300 pounds.</

Established by Franklin in 1734.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBURN Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131

House Telephone 1012

Saturday, August 27, 1910.

They are now talking of making the ex-President the Republican candidate for Governor of New York.

They tell about Roosevelt travelling incognito. Whoever started that a very much have been a candidate for Roosevelt's Annapolis Club.

Col. Roosevelt does not look with much favor upon the monoplane, the biplane or the triplane as an adjunct of war. Nothing short of an octoplane will satisfy him.

Mayor Gaynor now looms up as a Democratic candidate for Governor of New York. If he should be successful the next step will be to run for President in 1912.

While the east was sweltering under the torrid heat on Thursday, there was snow falling in the Black Hills of Dakota and frosts in Nebraska. Verily this is a big country.

There is a lively fight now going on in this State between the Standard Oil Company and the Texas Oil Company. Meanwhile the consumer can buy his illumination cheap.

The Republicans of Providence will commence their campaign early. Their first canvass will be held October 4th. The party expects to carry sixteen of the twenty-five representative districts.

Alaska expects to be the forty-fifth star on the American flag. Can anybody predict where the fiftieth will come from?—Exchange.

Perhaps it will be Porto Rico, perhaps the far off Philippines, but more than likely as not it will be Cuba.

Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston says he is not a candidate for Governor of the old Bay State this fall, but if the dear people want him he will sacrifice himself for the cause of Democracy. In other words, his declaration has a good strong sting to it. It can be pulled in at any time.

The raid on the gambling places at Narragansett Pier is still uppermost in the minds of the denizens of that region. Thursday Constable Cross served a summons on a number of the rich summer residents, whom he found in the gambling place, during his raid, to appear in court next Monday.

If Newport can match Miss Constance Warren against Miss Eleanor F. Sears in a swimming match between Buile's Beach and Easton's Beach the season cannot but be regarded by the country as unusually successful.—Prov. Bulletin.

Will the Bulletin kindly send an interpreter with its lucid editorials so the public may know what it is "driving at"?

For a fighting man Rear Admiral Schneider, Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic fleet, which has been the guest of Newport for a week, writes a remarkable "bread and butter" letter. "Our visit has been made most delightful and the memory will linger very pleasantly" would be the closest inspection of Newport's social censor.—Prov. Bulletin.

The Admiral evidently made the mistake of not asking the Bulletin editorial writer to pen his most excellent and pleasing letter of thanks for him.

Foster's impudence is attested on election day and on Old Home Day. On the latter occasion it receives through the presence of the Governor and his staff and a Congressman or so some return for his activities on the former. A Rhode Island country town is a political force which demands the attention of the very highest officials.—Prov. Bulletin.

The Providence Journal and Bulletin writers let their spite against the country towns of this State crop out on every occasion.

In a speech at Cleveland on Thursday ex-President Roosevelt said: "I will make the corporations come to time, and I will make the mob come to time. I shall insist on honesty if it breaks up the best business of the land, and shall insist upon order under all circumstances." The colonel seems to forget that he is now a private citizen. His sentiments may be all right, but how is he going to enforce them? Perhaps he intends to run for President again in 1912.

Congressman Sheffield's shifty reply to the questions put to him by the Evening Bulletin in regard to his attitude toward Speaker Cannon is about as satisfactory to Rhode Island voters as the recent acts of the Old Guards to the electorate of New York. Mr. Sheffield believes in miracles or he would not now think of attempting to run for Congress this autumn.—Providence Bulletin.

Congressman Sheffield made one mistake in his reply to the invidious questions of the Journal and Bulletin. He should have politely told them that it was none of their business for whom he should vote. These papers are Democratic in politics. The managing directors are Democrats. The editorial writers are Democrats and foreigners and hence have no right to dictate Republican policies or assume to tell Republicans how they shall vote. Congressman Sheffield has served his State well, faithfully and intelligently during his term. He deserves a re-election and will probably have it, the Journal to the contrary notwithstanding.

Workings of the Tariff.

In response to numerous requests for statistics bearing on the subject, the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor has prepared a statement covering the record of practically the first full year under the present tariff law. The figures given in this statement show the total importations and the customs collections for the twelve months from August 1, 1899, to July 31, 1910. They thus include five days under the operation of the Dingley tariff law, inasmuch as the present law went into effect on the morning of August 6, 1909, but the inclusion of these few days does not materially affect the showing, considered as an exhibit of the working of the Payne-Aldrich law. The total imports for the twelve months covered were valued at \$1,682,021,181, of which \$768,017,231, or 45.6 per cent, entered free of duty. The importations for the year were larger than for any other corresponding period in the history of the country's import trade, and the value of those entering free of duty was the greatest ever shown in any corresponding twelve months. The percentage which free merchandise formed of the total imports was larger than in any corresponding year except 1897, the closing year of the Wilson tariff, when large quantities of merchandise then on the free list were being imported in anticipation of a change in the tariff law; the years 1892, 1893 and 1894, under the McKinley tariff, when sugar was admitted free of duty; and the year ending September 30, 1891.

Vermont Loses Population.

The forthcoming announcement of the State census will show a decided decrease in the population of Vermont as compared with the returns of the preceding enumeration. From sources close to the Supervisor's office it is learned that only two or three towns in the State have increased in population in the last decade, and that startling losses have been sustained by the small towns.

In Democratic circles the belief is expressed that the falling off in population may be sufficient to cause a decrease of one member in the solid Republican Congressional delegation from the Green Mountain State. According to trustworthy information, there has been practically no industrial expansion in Vermont in the past decade, a condition which has tended to increase the number of young men and women who seek employment in cities and large towns in other States. There has been no increase in population to speak of through immigration, and the birth rate has not held its own. Vermont, it is stated, will be the only State in the Union to show a decrease in population.

Customs Receipts.

Customs receipts during the twelve months covered by the statement amounted to \$327,873,672. This is a larger total than in any corresponding year except 1907, when the total was \$335,589,330. Comparing the imports and the customs receipts for the twelve months we find that there was an average ad valorem rate on all imports of 20.08 per cent, while the rate on dutiable imports only was 41.26 per cent. The average ad valorem rate on all imports was lower than in any corresponding period of the last twenty years except 1898, when the average was 39.48 per cent, and 1899, when the average was 41.18 per cent, both these years being under the Wilson law.

To Test the Law.

Proceedings to test the constitutionality of the corporation tax law in Massachusetts have been begun by the New England Dressed Meat and Wool Company. The company filed a petition in the Supreme Court, asking that the State Treasurer be compelled to refund the tax of \$200, which the company paid under protest.

In the petition the company sets forth that the tax was levied on its entire capital stock of \$1,000,000, whereas a large part of the business is in other States. The company says that the tax is illegal, and that the law is unconstitutional.

Massachusetts has a similar corporation tax law to one attempted to be foisted on the people of this State. It has already driven many millions of dollars worth of corporations out of the State and more are to follow. It is well for Rhode Island industries that she did not elect to follow the Massachusetts plan. No other State in the Union has a similar law.

Foster is the only town in the State that has a genuine "old home week" celebration, though here it is confined to one day. Wednesday was that day and most of the State dignitaries were there and had a chance to make speeches to their heart's content. Gov. Potlauer was there as were also Congressman Sheffield and Speaker Burdick, the latter as usual coming late. The addresses covered a wide scope of ideas ranging from the country school house, the conservation movements to the tariff and the insurgents.

"Softleigh is a man who thoroughly believes in himself!"

"Guillible ass!"—Boston Transcript.

Washington County Fair.

The Washington County Fair opens this year on September 18 and the management have contrived to make it an occurrence of interest and importance to great numbers of people not only in the south county, but throughout the State of Rhode Island. It is an event looked forward to with pleasure by thousands, and the performances of the past years fully guarantee that no one will be disappointed in the expectations.

The south County Fair has all the well known fair features which New Englanders everywhere have learned to love. The exhibitions alone are worth a trip to West Kingston to see. The progress and development of Rhode Island agricultural and live stock interests as recorded in this annual exhibition is such as to send the thrill of pride through every lover of Little Rhody. The executive committee report an increase in both the number and quality of exhibits in nearly every department. This is owing partly to the greatly increased amount of premiums as prizes, as well as to the steadily increasing interest of farmers and others throughout Washington County. Last year the space allotted for automobiles proved to be inadequate to the demands, but patrons visiting the grounds this year will find that the committee have provided ample grounds for their machines. The free vaudeville shows are in charge of Mrs. R. C. Carlyle whose performances in the last years have been a most pleasing and entertaining feature of the fair.

Lovers of racing will find a perfect feast of pleasure arranged for them in the racing schedule. The entries show a larger number of fast horses than those of any previous year, and it is expected that close heats will be run every day at the fair. The usual days will be observed. That is—The first day will be devoted entirely to showing the exhibit on Agriculture, live stock, poultry, household and dairy products, fruits, and vegetables, flowers, plants, textiles, art, labor-saving inventions, and etc. The second day, Sept. 14, will be called Grange Day. Appropriate exercises will be held in Exhibition Hall, and speakers of national note will be present to instruct and entertain the patrons of the fair on this day. Governor's day on Sept. 15 will be made notable as the occasion of the annual address by President Roland G. Hazard, and by His Excellency Armin J. Potlauer, Governor. On the last day of the fair, Sept. 16, the fair grounds will be thrown open to the children. All children under fifteen years of age will be admitted free. Races and sports of every description dear to the hearts of the youngsters will be in order. In fact the management is leaving no stone unturned to make this day one long to be remembered by the young folks of Rhode Island. There are special rates from all points to West Kingston on Fair days and from every indication, the 25th annual fair will go down in history as the most successful yet held on the historic fair grounds.

About Swordfish.

(New London Day.)

The swordfish landed at T wharf, Boston, by schooner Olivia Sears last week, is thought to be the largest ever brought to Boston. The fish weighed 550 pounds when dressed, and 917 pounds when taken from the water. The sword was four feet long and weighed twenty-three pounds. John P. Perry of the schooner's crew, harpooned the fish forty-three miles northeast of Nantucket Island, the fish entering straight to the spine and producing almost instant death. Had Perry failed to make a good cast the struggle to land the big fish would have been a hard one, as many a fish weighing less than 200 pounds has wrecked dories sent out to bring it in. "The fish was more than twice the size of an ordinary swordfish."

Schooner Georgiana arrived at T wharf belonging in a swordfish weighing 550 pounds, which is one of the largest of that species ever captured. At the running prices that day the fish will add about \$75 to the boat's stock. The crew of the Laura Enos also made a strike that netted them a nice sum of money. On the way in from her trip the little fisherman had across swordfish basking to the sun and captured it. It weighed, cleaned and trimmed, just 550 pounds. Swordfish were high again, and the dealer who bought the fish paid \$114.18 for it, which will make a big addition to the stock of the vessel and the shares of the small crew.

Fresh water fishermen and salt water fishermen have often caught two good fish on a line, but for the first time on record two swordfish have been caught once. This remarkable and previously never recorded feat was performed by Silas Golder, a member of the crew of schooner Bertha and Bessie, which arrived at Portland recently. Golder was telling his friends of the feat and the oldest fishermen say they never heard of the like before. When the Bertha and Bessie was on her recent swordfish trip, which netted forty-two big fellows, a particularly good fish was sighted, the harpoon was thrown and Golder with other members of the crew went with dory after him. It was a merry chase for a while. When the line was hauled in Golder found it twisted and twined and retwisted and retwined around the tail of a big fellow. He thought this was the big harpooned, but after that fellow had been taken off the line was still heavy and he kept hauling. Then the fish that had really been struck was brought in. Golder said that if he had known there were two swordfish on the line the chances are that he would have lost both of them. However, he got them and also has the distinction of doing what no other man has ever done.

There was another fire at Island Park early Wednesday morning, the roof of the dining pavilion there being considerably burned. Neighbors turned out and extinguished the flames before they had an opportunity to spread and the damage will not amount to a large figure.

The old Peckham cottage on Powell avenue, which was recently sold by the Newport Hospital, is coming down slowly.

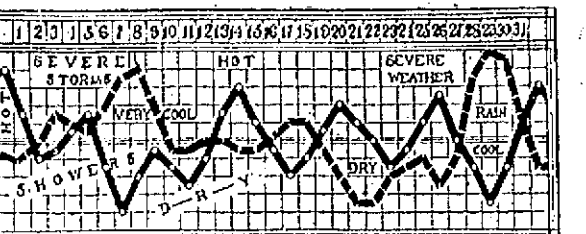
Mr. Reginald C. Vanderbilt is suffering from a mild attack of typhoid fever at Sandy Point Farm.

Baton smiles whenever a minister begins congratulating himself on the beauty and eloquence of his prayers.

A girl's idea of culture is something which will enable her to dodge dishwashing.—Atchinson Globe.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

Foster's August, 1910, Weather Chart.



Treble line is normal temperature and rainfall; heavy line temperature and broken line rainfall forecast. Going up they indicate a probability of rain or higher temperatures and going down the reverse. Rain will be deficient for August in Florida, Texas, Ohio valleys and parts of the plains states. Elsewhere from about to above normal. Temperatures will average below normal.

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Washington, D. C. Aug. 25.

Last bulletin gave forecast of disturbance to cross continent Aug. 30 to Sept. 3, warm wave 20 to Sept. 2, cool wave Sept. 1 to 5. This disturbance will inaugurate a great high temperature wave that will be of much importance in maturing corn and cotton. Each of these staples must have hot weather and where moisture is deficient the crop will deteriorate.

As the rains will fall principally along the Mississippi river it will cause comparatively cool weather in the northwest but not too cool for spring wheat. In Texas and the Carolinas cotton will do well while in most parts of the corn belt cropweather will not be good; too dry for late corn. But the hot weather first part of September will hurry corn on to maturity.

Second disturbance of September will reach Pacific coast about Sept. 2, cross Pacific slope by close of 3 great central valleys 4 to 6, eastern sections 7. Warm waves will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 2, great central valleys 4, eastern sections 6. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Sept. 5, great central valleys 7, eastern sections 9.

This disturbance will bring the best and most beneficial rains of the month and those sections that may be fortunate enough to get moisture at that time will be much benefited where they have growing corn, or cotton, or pasture grass. Alfalfa or late millets, because the temperatures will remain high. But were into the places that get none of these rains. The forces of the storm will carry away the little moisture that they will then possess.

This disturbance will terminate high temperatures and from Sept. 5 to 20 will be a gradual but very extensive

Denied Parantage.

They are saying now in Paris that the "fettered" skirt originated in America. Wherever it originated Americans who may be tempted to adopt it may like to know what a "leading man dressmaker" in Paris, as a newspaper item characterizes him, has to say about it. "It is only worn," he says, "by women who especially desire to make themselves remarked in the public streets." Reputable makers of Paris modes have always opposed it, he adds, and further says that it has never been acclimated in the upper social circles in Paris. Another Paris "grand couturier" is quoted in the same item as labelling the "hobble" skirt grotesque and absurdly impossible. Perhaps these views may discourage any who have looked longingly upon the skirt that is smaller at the bottom than at any other point, as something new and nobby, and "the thing" in Paris. Whether or not it originated in America, it will never have any vogue in America among nice and sensible people.

Ninety Six Millions.

Washington advices indicate that if the Rhode Island increase in population for the past 10 years should be maintained in the whole census count, the country would show a total of about 95,000,000 persons, whereas only about 90,000,000 are counted upon. Up to date, the full population of only two states, Rhode Island and Oklahoma, one east and the other west, has been announced. The increase in Oklahoma, amounting to 100 per cent, over the population of the same area in 1900, is phenomenal, and is no indication of the rate of growth either in the west or in the country at large. That of Rhode Island, on the other hand, is more characteristic of rational growth in sections suitably situated. Still Rhode Island, with her 23.6 per cent. of gain, is believed to be considerably above the average.

Columbus, Ind., is not destined to lose any prestige it may have enjoyed in the last decade as the place nearest the centre of population. It probably will continue to hold its distinction after the 1910 census becomes fully known, unless the estimates of the census bureau offend far. The returns received to date indicate a fairly even growth in all directions from the present central point, the result of which must be to leave the point at its present general location. Only a small percentage of the total population has been announced thus far, but enough is shown by the general trend to justify some generalizations. Probably the most important of these is that the eastern states are holding their own to such an extent as to indicate that the "pull" of the west will not be sufficient to disturb greatly the present equilibrium. With exceptions the east is showing as marked growth as the west.

The eastern growth is attributed to the main to the development of manufacturing enterprises along the North Atlantic seaboard. The comparatively good showing in the eastern states is due more to foreign immigration than to natural addition to the native stock. With so much of the desirable agricultural land taken up, the greater attractions appear to be found in the colonies of Pennsylvania and the factories of New England. To this tendency more than any other circumstance will be due the fact that the central point will not be greatly changed. Of all the southern states Texas will make the best showing. The south will continue to be the most American section in that it will show the presence of fewer immigrants from abroad than any other portion of the Union.

How proud army officers are! If they could they would crow as much as roosters.

fall in barometric readings. At the end of the fall look out for frosts in northern sections.

INFANT PARALYSIS.

Thousands of children have recently died from this strange and rare disease. We are not living in a world of chance and sometime the cause of these strange diseases will be known.

Every epidemic of contagious disease has its own peculiar cause in nature's laws and our race will discover what it is that brings sometimes cholera, measles, smallpox, yellow fever and the various other plagues.

It is well known that mosquitoes, flies, etc., are agencies in the spread of disease but no one claims them to be the original cause.

Readers of these bulletins will remember that I claimed a possibility of strange diseases the present summer on account of the near approach of, and particularly because of the great comet passing between the sun and earth in May.

A straight line of electricity passes from the sun to and through every planet, moon and comet in the solar system. That electric current is a carrier and condenser of matter and in case of Halley's comet it came through that body from the sun and straight to the earth. That was my reason for predicting strange diseases.

When Mercury or Venus transits the sun—passes between sun and earth—an electric disturbance occurs on earth, our atmosphere is thrown into turmoil, great weather events occur and often earthquakes result.

I believe that diseases among domestic and wild animals may be traced to causes similar to above and I hope that some scientist will investigate this theory.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

AUGUST 1910	STANDARD TIME	Sun	Moon	High water	Low water
27 Sat	11 16 12 10 48	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55
28 Sun	11 16 12 10 48	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55
29 Mon	11 16 12 10 48	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55
30 Tues	11 16 12 10 48	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55
31 Wed	11 16 12 10 48	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55
1 Thurs	11 16 12 10 48	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55
2 Fri	11 16 12 10 48	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55	12 55 12 55

New Moon, 6th day, 11.37m., morning. First Quarter, 13th day, 2h. 1m., evening. Full Moon, 20th day, 2h. 1m., evening. Last Quarter, 27th day, 2h. 1m., morning.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

112 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1857.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Marriages.

In this city, 20th inst., by Rev. W. F. Golder, Henry Clarke Peckham and Ellen Ozz.

In this city, 21st inst., at the residence of her uncle, Mrs. James H. McGuire, 23 Tilden avenue, Kate, daughter of the late Margaret and Patrick Collier.

At her residence on Rhode Island avenue, in Newport, August 25, Sarah Tison Zabriskie.

In this city, August 25, Dennis, son of the late Dennis and Johanna Hurley.

In this city, 26th inst., Melba R., daughter of the late Winton T. and Mary E. Sherman.

In this city, Aug. 26, John Glendling, Sr., in Middletown, 20th inst., Elizabeth Gray, wife of William C. Gray, of Fall River.

In Tiverton, 21st inst., Sarah A., widow of Matthew T. Fuller, in her 82d year.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Friday, 19th inst., Mrs. Mary A. Briggs, mother of the late Mrs. William S. Stearns, in her 84th year.

Deaths.

In this city, 24th inst., Henry C. Stevens, in his 81st year.

In this city, 21st inst., at the residence of her uncle, Mrs. James H. McGuire, 23 Tilden avenue, Kate, daughter of the late Margaret and Patrick Collier.

At her residence on Rhode Island avenue, in Newport, August 25, Sarah Tison Zabriskie.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in constipation, colic and indigestion. They are gentle and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action place the liver and regulate the bowels. Renew liver only cured.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Sick headache and reveal all the troubles hidden in the system, such as Biliousness, Stomach, Indigestion, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, etc. While these most remarkable cures have been shown in curing

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in constipation, colic and indigestion. They are gentle and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action place the liver and regulate the bowels. Renew liver only cured.

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JOSEPH C. SIBLEY

Millionaire Ex-Candidate

Held In Voting Scandal



NOW WAITING FOR DIVORCE

Bride of Priest Finds No Joy
In Matrimonial Ties

TAKES UP MILLINERY WORK

Misses Gayety of Atlantic City and Wants Something to Occupy Her Time—Husband Off For Rome to Receive Punishment—May Be Placed in Monastery and Never Again See the World

Trenton, Aug. 26.—Mrs. Katherine J. Consolazio, bride of Rev. Father Alphonse M. Consolazio, who is now on his way to Rome, where he will pay the penalty for breaking his priestly vow, has entered the employ of a local milliner to learn the business. She is but 16 years old and is considered one of the prettiest girls in the state.

She declares that she is through with the priest and has no intention of again entering on the matrimonial sea for some time. In fact she now believes that matrimony is really a failure. Divorce proceedings are to be instituted in her behalf by her parents.

The girl insists that the marriage has already been annulled, but this statement is taken as an indication of her ignorance of the workings of the law. When informed that there was no court record of annulment she replied that she was not worrying, as her parents were attending to the legal end of the affair.

Mrs. Consolazio, who is a bride of but three months, did not seem enthusiastic over her new occupation, which she began yesterday. She said she missed gay Atlantic City, where she has been staying almost continuously since her marriage.

She would not discuss the reasons why her marriage was not happy, but referred the reporter who questioned her to her mother, Mrs. Franz Johann, who, it is said, was displeased by the marriage.

The girl wife asserted that she did not have to work, as her parents could afford to keep her, but she declared she wanted something to occupy her time. She did not censure her husband, but intimated that she was glad to be rid of him.

Mrs. Johann still maintains silence as to her attitude toward the priest, but her friends say she soon tired of her priestly son-in-law.

The priest will surrender himself to the church authorities as soon as he reaches Rome. Just what punishment will be meted out to him is a question, but is said on good authority that once he is placed in a monastery he will never again see the world. Friends of the priest say that he is glad to get the chance to make amends.

TWELVE STITCHES IN HEART

Young Man Expected to Recover From Remarkable Surgical Operation

New York, Aug. 24.—After one of the most remarkable operations in the history of the surgery, Samuel Harmon, a 21-year-old waiter, has good prospects of living at Gouverneur hospital.

Twelve stitches were taken in his heart, which was cut open for an inch by a man who objected to the way Harmon served soup. Only six times before has such an operation been attempted.

Harmon was operated on by Dr. John F. Erdman. After he had been served up the patient fell asleep with a temperature of only 99, and the doctors predict his recovery.

FRANCE LIKES HORSEFLESH

More Than Two Hundred Thousand Animals Eaten in a Year

Paris, Aug. 24.—The consumption of horseflesh in France, according to figures gathered, is constantly on the increase. In Paris alone there are 600 meat shops, mainly in the poorer quarters, where horseflesh alone is sold, and the consumption now exceeds 200,000 animals a year.

The butchers report that the increase is due quite as much to the growing favor of horseflesh for food as to its cheapness compared to beef.

SEEKS MEXICAN HAVEN

Ex-President Madrid of Nicaragua Overtaken by Illness

Washington, Aug. 26.—Illness has overtaken President Madrid, the late head of the Nicaraguan government, at Managua, and he has abandoned his plan to go to Costa Rica.

This information was communicated to the state department by American Minister McCreery. The haven of safety for Madrid is understood to be Mexico.

BALL FROM TALL MONUMENT

Lands In Mit of Backstop Sullivan of Chicago Americans

Washington, Aug. 25.—Catcher "Billy" Sullivan of the Chicago Americans duplicated the feat of Catcher Charles Street of the Washington American league team in 1905 by catching a baseball thrown from a window at the top of the Washington monument, a perpendicular drop of 512 feet.

It was only after thirteen attempts that Sullivan finally caught the ball, although he succeeded several times in so gauging the sphere as to get it in his mit, but could not hold it. Street's feat was performed upon the thirteenth attempt.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

Disregard For the Standards Robs People of Millions of Dollars

Pittsburg, Aug. 26.—Federal regulation of weights and measures was an important matter taken up by the convention of the International Hotel Stewards' association here and a rough draft of a bill providing such regulation was read to the members. Congressman Wilson of Chicago announced he would present the bill to congress next winter.

Clement J. Driscoll, commissioner of weights and measures of New York city, said that the trade custom of short weights and measures was costing the citizens of New York city no less than \$30,000,000 a year. Continuing, he said:

"Until the United States insist that a yard be 36 inches, that a pound shall be 16 ounces, and a bushel 32 quarts the general public cannot be expected to regard the condition which exists as serious.

In the great city of New York, with its 5,500,000 people, with foodstuffs already beyond reach of the poor people, there is a total disregard for the standards of weights and measures. If we must be sentimental let us think of the wholesale robbery of the poor people of America today."

WAS LARGEST IN MAINE

Saw and Box Factory Burns While Employees Are at Fair

Orono, Me., Aug. 25.—After having been in operation sixty years the saw and box factory of James Walker & Co. at Basin Mills, a part of this town, was totally destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$100,000, and the insurance is \$90,000.

The mill, which was one of the oldest of its kind, and the largest in the state, was deserted except for the watchman, when the fire broke out late yesterday, most of the 250 employees and their families being in Bangor in attendance at the annual Eastern Maine fair. It had been closed for the day that they might have an opportunity to attend the fair.

PAULDING SHOWS

33:94-KNOT SPEED

New Record For Oil-Burning

Warships Is Established

Rockland, Me., Aug. 24.—The torpedo boat destroyer Paulding established a new record in the class of oil-burning warships during her standardization trial over the Rockland course.

Her fastest mile was at the rate of 33.91 knots an hour, or almost two knots in excess of the fastest mile made by the Roe on the Delaware course.

The Roe is the only other destroyer of this class which has yet been tried.

The average of the Paulding's five top speed runs was 33.07. The maximum amount of horsepower developed was above 17,000, which is 5000 more than the horsepower for which she was designed.

GREAT WATER POWER PLANT

Important Step Toward Its Establishment at Skowhegan

Skowhegan, Me., Aug. 26.—At a meeting of the board of trade a plan was submitted outlining a program for making at Skowhegan the third largest water power plant in New England.

This involves merging the several power rights, as now established by deed, into one new corporation, the issue of \$1,000,000 first mortgage 5 percent bonds, and the expenditure of the proceeds in acquiring necessary property to build new dams, canals and power station.

These changes would deliver the entire normal flow of the Kennebec river under a working head of forty feet, and generate about \$500,000 worth of power each year. Responsible bond houses, it is said, stand ready to finance such a development.

KNOCKED OFF A CLIFF

Clergyman's Neck Is Broken While On Outing With His Family

Pittsfield, Mass., Aug. 26.—Rev. William V. Davis, pastor of the First Congregational church, was killed by falling over a precipice at Dash Bish Falls, Nt. Washington, thirty miles south of here.

While picnicking with his children, he tried to turn a carriage on a narrow cliff, when a wheel struck him and knocked him off. His neck was broken by the fall. He was 59 years old, a graduate of Amherst college, and one of the best known Congregational ministers in New England.

Taft Presents Sonder Trophy

Beverly, Mass., Aug. 25.—President Taft, on the deck of the government yacht Mayflower, presented to Skipper Adams of the winning Harpoon the cup offered as the prize in the international race off Marblehead by American and Spanish sonder boats.

"NEVER AGAIN"

Short Temperance Pledge Administered in New Jersey Court

Bayonne, N. J., Aug. 24.—Perhaps the shortest temperance pledge on record was that administered by Recorder Mara to Thomas Collins, who had been arrested for being drunk.

Collins said he was ready to swear off. "Then hold up your right hand," snapped the recorder. "Now repeat after me. 'Never again!'" "Never again!" boomed forth from Collins' dry throat.

STRICKEN IN A CHEAP CAFE

Stage Career That Brought May
Yohe Fortune Is Ended

SHE GAINED FAME AS SINGER

Became Bride of Lord Francis Hope and Possessor of Famous Jewels, Including Gem From Indian Idol—Deserted Nobility to Elope With New York Man—Finally Drops in San Francisco With Every Cent Gone

New York, Aug. 25.—The wheel of fortune has swung full circle for May Yohe, actress.

A dispatch from San Francisco states bluntly that this woman of the world was stricken with the silent blow of paralysis as she was singing one of her old songs in a cheap cafe.

The stage career that yielded May Yohe a fortune is at an end. Every cent of her money is gone.

May Yohe years ago was a simple little girl in a little town not far from Philadelphia. Her mother took her to Philadelphia, and while she worked as a dressmaker she let May be taught the things that usually only society buds acquire. She learned French and German, dancing and singing and finished with four assets to her career.

The four assets were four remarkable contralto notes in her voice, which she had been trained to sing with their utmost effect. She took these four notes with her into a church choir and became talked about. Then she took them upon the stage.

Philadelphia was but the stepping stone to New York. The four full-throated contralto notes gained her a reputation here over night. The circle had started on its swing upward.

New York led to London. But by this time May no longer was the little miss from the Quaker City. Personality had been infused into the four famous throaty notes and that meant a stage-door crowd.

One of this stage-door crowd was Lord Francis Hope, son of the Duchess of Newcastle, one of the oldest and richest earldoms in Great Britain. He spent his mother's fortune on her and her stage ventures and he gave her another fortune in the family jewels. Then, in 1893, he married her and her wedding gift from him was the great Hope diamond.

By a strange dovetailing of circumstances, the glinting jewel that had once glittered from out the forehead of a placid East Indian idol, that had afterward been the central gem in the kingly diadem of France, now sparkled, pendant, at the corse of the erstwhile demure miss from Pennsylvania.

Lord Francis and his wife came to New York and she returned to the stage. Seven years had been the span of their married life. Lady Hope blazed with diamonds as she appeared at the New York theatre. But the ill luck of the Hope diamond was enough to offset the lucky number "seven."

Putnam B. Strong, son of one of New York's proudest families, whose father was mayor of the city, back from service in the Philippines with a captaincy, then promoted to the rank of major, saw Lady Hope in San Francisco. She smiled at him and he was at her feet. She flung away title, ambition, everything—and eloped with Strong.

Their hearts ran away with their heads—both have since said it. They went to Japan and Hope divorced her. Then they trotted over the whole bowl of the globe. They quarrelled, they made up; they quarrelled again, and then they went their separate ways.

Strong was last heard of at Mnago, the Monte Carlo of the east. May Yohe bobbed up into notoriety now and again, but always successfully one peg lower.

And at last, in the cheap cafe of the west, nature strikes at her. She was skipping from one to another of the four contralto notes, now coarsened and raucous, when suddenly her mouth slipped from her control, twisting to one side of her face, and the last of the four contralto notes became a groan as she fell to the little stage, a cripple.

NECK WOUND IS HEALED

Gaynor Goes Back to Regular Diet of Three Square Meals a Day

New York, Aug. 25.—The bullet wound in Mayor Gaynor's neck has healed on the outside, and the irritation of the throat caused by granulation on the inside has ceased.

The mayor went back today to his regular diet of three square meals a day. He is allowed to take a little exercise in the hospital corridors.

Served on Supreme Court Bench

Boston, Aug. 25.—John Lathrop of this city, formerly a justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts, and a lecturer and writer upon legal matters, died at his summer home in Dedham from pneumonia. He was born in Boston in 1835.

Priest Leaves Large Fortune

Gloucester, Mass., Aug. 24.—An inventory of the estate of the late Rev. J. J. Healy, filed at the tax commissioner's office here, shows that it is valued at \$277,517.75. The majority of the property consists of large holdings of railroad stock.

Cyclone Hits Michigan

Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug. 26.—A storm of cyclonic proportions raged north of Grand Rapids, and crops, standing timber and many buildings were ruined. The terrific wind was accompanied by a heavy downpour of rain.

UP TO SUPREME COURT

Petition to Compel the Election of a Mayor of Lawrence

Boston, Aug. 26.—Attorney General Malone filed in the supreme court a petition asking for a writ of mandamus to compel acting Mayor Jordan of Lawrence to call a meeting of the common council to take action on going into joint convention with the board of aldermen to elect a mayor to succeed William P. White, who is serving three years for bribery.

The attorney general had heard the parties interested and had given the acting mayor an opportunity to call the meeting of his own volition, which he repeatedly declined to do.

City Solicitor Murphy, appearing before the attorney general at the direction of the board of aldermen, said the aldermen passed a vote requesting the acting mayor to call the common council in session.

Acting Mayor Jordan said his position is and has always been that he would call the council into session whenever they ask him to do so, but as they are taking their summer vacation he did not think he ought to disturb them except upon their own request.

NO MEDIUM-SIZED HATS

Big Ones Will Be Still Bigger and Small Ones Still Smaller

Chicago, Aug. 25.—There is no relief in sight for women who have accepted the dictates of fashion and struggled under the unwieldiness of hats of the size of an umbrella. That is the edict of the National Association of Retail Milliners which is holding a convention here.

Big hats are to be bigger and small hats smaller than ever before. There are to be no medium-sized hats.

The desire for extremes extends even to the coloring, according to Mme. Maerie, president of the association. The more brilliant the coloring the more nearly to the ideal effect will the new hat conform.

New shades will include magnolia, a shade of orange; daisy, a coral red; pompano, a dead rose; herne, a light mahogany, and acajou, a raisin color.

WANT ANNEXATION TO UNITED STATES

Moros Will Fight If We Withdraw From the Philippines

Zamboanga, P. I., Aug. 25.—A demonstration in favor of the annexation of Mindanao to the United States occurred here. Two hundred Filipinos had presented to Secretary of War Dickinson, who is now visiting the Philippine islands, a petition asking that the Moro islands be placed under Filipino control and the entire archipelago granted independence.

Secretary Dickinson in reply said that the American government was not willing to intrust the government of 335,000 Moros to 60,000 Filipinos living in widely scattered regions.

Four Moro chiefs, representing 40,000 Moros, at this point dramatically tendered their allegiance to the United States and announced that they would fight if the Americans withdrew. A wild demonstration followed and the cry that the province must become American territory ran through the crowd which had gathered to hear Dickinson.

BURNING ECZEMA QUICKLY SPREAD

Started Like Ringworm on Hand—
Hand Swelled and Then Humor
Spread to Arms, Legs and Face
—It was Something Terrible.

PRESCRIPTIONS FAILED: CUTICURA CURED HIM

"I have used the Cuticura Remedies for a very bad case of eczema with complete success. About fifteen or eighteen years ago a disease developed in the shape of a large pinhead on top of my hand. It burned and itched so much that I was compelled to show it to a doctor. He pronounced it ringworm, and made very light of it. He gave me a wash and told me to apply it before going to bed and all would be over in a few days. But the next morning my hand was all swollen up and I poulticed it. When the doctor came to his office I showed him the hand and to my surprise he told me that he had never experienced such a case in his practice and that it was well I poulticed it. After trying his different remedies the disease increased and went up my arms and finally to my thighs and legs generally and finally on my face. The burning was something terrible. After I had tried this doctor, as I thought, long enough, I went to another doctor who had the reputation of being the best skin doctor in the city. He told me it was a bad case of eczema and that it would take quite a while to cure it. His medicine checked the advance of the disease but no further.

"I finally concluded to try the Cuticura Remedies. I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent and found relief in the first trial. I continued until I was completely free from the disease and I have not been troubled with another attack since. I still use the Cuticura Ointment in my family as it is one of the best remedies to heal sores or other injury rapidly. I can freely and truthfully say that the Cuticura Remedies are the best so far as my experience went with them and I am still recommending them, feeling sure I am not making a mistake. O. Burkhardt, 236 W. Market St., Chambersburg, Pa., Sept. 19, 1908.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Form of Itch, Eczema, and Skin Disease. Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, for the cure of Eczema, Itch, and Skin Disease. Cuticura Remedies are sold in the form of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. Cuticura Remedies are sold in the form of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. Cuticura Remedies are sold in the form of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent.

You Take a Vacation
But Interest Works Right On.

There are no vacation or holiday periods with Interest. Even while you are taking your summer vacation, your money is working for you day and night at compound interest, if you have an account with the Industrial Trust Company.

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For Selection go to SCHREIER'S.
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ORDER DEPARTMENT,
BEST WORK GUARANTEED.
STOP IN AT THE
POSTAL STATION ON BROADWAY
and get some of those
LENOX CHOCOLATES.
You will be pleased and so will we.
S. S. THOMPSON,
172-176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
—AND—
Dispensing Optician.
Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.
Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have burning vision, smarting eyes, try our new method. A great deal of the time have attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. The optical repairing of all kinds. Optician's prescriptions given personal attention.

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WASHINGTON SQUARE.
OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR
Under entirely new management. Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates, \$5 up. Special Rates by the Week. F. H. WISWELL, Proprietor.

WANTED
SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel. W. G. PROCKMAN, Westfield, N. J.

Cleveland House
127 CLARKE STREET.
The most modern and up to date House in the City.
A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.
Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.
SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.
Apply to
23 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.
A Full Line of all the
NEW
Improved Varieties
VEGETABLE SEEDS
FOR SALE BY
Fernando Barker.

A MODERN SCALPER.

The Little Comedy That Was Played Between the Acts.

A little comedy between acts enlivened things at a Broadway theater one night last week. A middle aged man accompanied by his wife sat directly behind a pretty young girl and her escort. At the end of the first act the middle aged man went out for "fresh air." He came back bringing the smell of the fresh air and gayer spirits with him. His wife gave him a startled glance, and like a flash her hand went up to his vest. There dangling from the top button was a bunch of brown, curly puffs. There was a dynamical second as the wife held the puffs in her white-gloved hand and looked at them. Now she was not a jealous wife—just a common sense little woman, ready to meet an emergency. She looked at the heads about her. The pretty girl's back hair looked as if a piece had fallen out. The wife leaned over to the side away from the girl's escort and whispered. The girl slipped a hand down and back, and the wife stealthily laid the bunch of puffs which her husband had carried away on his vest button in the owner's hand. The latter kept them concealed, gently and artfully reached up, plined them into place, and escort, watching the rising curtain, was none the wiser. —New York Times.

HIS STUPID MISTAKE.

Much to His Surprise It Was Promptly Rectified.

A well known Londoner was planning an entertainment on an elaborate scale to be given to various friends in the neighborhood of his country seat. Unfortunately his nearest neighbor, a close relative, is highly uncongenial to himself and his intimates, and he racked his brains to devise a scheme by which he might avoid the necessity of inviting the undesirable cousin to be among his guests.

"I have it!" he announced to his wife at breakfast on the morning of the event. "I'll send him some tickets for the play tonight in town. Of course he'll be delighted, as he seldom has an opportunity of going to the theater."

The tickets were accordingly sent, and the host with an easy conscience proceeded to enjoy the company of his friends. But his satisfaction was of short duration. At the height of the festivities, much to his surprise, in walked the objectionable neighbor.

"Such a stupid mistake you made!" he announced as he approached his cousin. "As soon as I heard about your party I knew that you must have sent me the tickets for the wrong night, so I got them changed for tomorrow evening and came right over here as soon as I could."—London Tatler.

What Napoleon Couldn't Do.

An incident connected with Napoleon when he was in exile in Elba is commemorated on the island to this day by an inscription affixed to the wall of a peasant's house. A man named Glacot was plowing when the famous exile came along one day and expressed an interest in his work. Napoleon even took the plow handles and attempted to guide it himself, but the oxen refused to obey him, overturned the plow and spoiled the furrow. The inscription runs thus:

"Napoleon the Great, passing by this place in 1805, took to the plow from the hands of a peasant and himself tried to plow; but the oxen, rebellious to those hands which yet had guided Europe, headlong fled from the furrow."—St. Louis Republic.

The Guarantee.

Gobsa Goldie, the American millionaire, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Lotta, picked out a Rembrandt at a foreign dealer's, and then, before plunking down the cash, said very sternly:

"Now, see here, sir, do you guarantee this Rembrandt?"

"Yes, Mr. Goldie," the dealer replied. "A seven years' guarantee goes with the canvas."

"Oh, very well," said Gobsa, mollified, and he took out his check book and fountain pen.—Washington Star.

A Bigger Bid!

A Lincolnshire parish once possessed a clergyman who was not much appreciated. One day he remarked to his church warden: "You people don't seem to appreciate me. Do you know that on leaving my last sphere of work the people showed their appreciation so much that they gave me a real silver slave?"

"That is nothing," was the churchwarden's reply. "If that would only go away from this parish we'd give thee a gold one!"—London Chronicle.

Her Jewels.

Mrs. Subbubs (to neighbor)—Willie and Robbie aren't home from school yet, and here it is 6 o'clock. Did you see anything of my precious jewels as you came along. Mr. Nextdoor? Nextdoor—Your precious jewels are in tank, madam. I just saw them swimming in the river.—Boston Transcript.

Ticklish.

"How many ribs have you?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know, ma'am," giggled Sallia. "I'm so awfully ticklish, I could never count 'em."—Lippincott's.

No Temptation.

"James, can I trust you with the key to the wine cellar?"

The New Butler (stuffy)—Certainly, sir! I have seen all the labels.—Life.

Her Bait.

"You have to have different bait for different fish, don't you, ma?"

"I guess so. I know I caught a lobster with mistletoe."—New York Press.

No amount of effort to save the world can make up for failure to sacrifice for the salvation of your own little world.—Henry F. Cope.

MAKE THEM LAUGH.

A Bachelor's Idea of the Way Children Should Be Trained.

"The people who don't have to do things can always do them better than the people who are obliged to do them," said the cynical bachelor. "If you want to know how to invest money, ask a fellow who has never had any to invest. I suppose it's the same with raising children. Nevertheless, I am fond of children, and never having had an opportunity of raising any of my own, I am critical about the way other people, more fortunate than I, raise theirs."

"My brother has a youngster, a boy about six years old, and everything that kid wants he cries for. The minute he begins to cry he gets it, which, according to my reasoning, is all wrong."

"Why not make him laugh for it? It's just as easy for a child to laugh as to cry, and it's far more healthful, besides being much more cheerful for the surrounding populace."

"I've tried the experiment with him, and it works like a charm. If I happen to have anything he wants, and he cries for it, I make fun of him. 'That isn't the way to get it,' I say. 'Don't cry for it. Laugh for it.'"

"It took only about two lessons for him to understand this, and you have no idea what a wonderful difference it has made in the disposition of that kid. Still, I'm only an old bachelor, and I'm not supposed to know anything about such things."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Took an Unfair Advantage.

Mrs. Dorkins—Yesterday I called Mrs. Grundage's attention to the fact that she had left the gate between our back yards open and that her chickens had come through and scratched up our flower beds, and she looked as if she would have liked to bite my head off. How foolish it is for people to get angry when you remind them that they have been careless about something they had no business to overlook!

Mr. Dorkins—I am glad to hear you say that, Maria. You won't mind if I mention that when I came home last night I found that you'd left both the back doors unlocked.

Mrs. Dorkins—Yes; you're always watching to see if you can't catch me in some little fault, and it makes you perfectly happy when you do!—New York Tribune.

Something to Live For.

Three little girls were playing. The mother of one came into the room and engaged the children in conversation. "Marion, what are you going to be when you grow up?" she asked.

"I am going to be a famous singer," she replied.

"And you, Susie, what are you to be?"

"Oh, I am going to write stories when I grow up," she answered.

"And what is Marjorie to be?" continued the mother.

Marjorie, aged five, thought seriously a moment, and then said, "Well, I am not sure, but I think I'll be a widow."

—Delineator.

She Was Different.

"John," asked his wife, who was writing to one of her former schoolmates, "which is proper to say, 'I differ from you' or 'I differ with you'?"

"Tell her you differ from her. I understand that she lets her husband keep part of his salary to have fun with himself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Failure.

Mamma—What in the world is making the baby cry so, I wonder? Little Eva—I guess he's mad 'cause I tried to make him smile with your glove stretcher.—Chicago News.

INDIANS AND BULLETS.

A Sample of the Strenuous Life in Kentucky in 1777.

In 1777, while Harrodsburg, Ky., was so beset with Indians that the inhabitants were in straits for daily bread, a young man, only sixteen years old, made himself extremely useful by venturing out of the fort before daybreak and returning with a load of game after twilight. This intrepid youth was James Ray, afterward General Ray.

One day in the year just mentioned Ray and another young man were shooting at a mark near the fort, when the second man was suddenly shot down by the Indians. Ray looked in the direction whence the shot had come, saw the enemy and was on the point of raising his rifle when he was set upon by another band who had crept near him unseen.

He took to his heels and, being a quick runner, reached the fort amid a shower of bullets, but the gates were shut, and the men inside were so frightened that they dared not open them. Finding himself shut out, Ray threw himself flat on the ground in the rear of a stump, and here, perhaps seven steps from the fort and within sight of his mother, he lay for four hours, while the bullets of the Indians tore up the ground on either side of him.

At last he grew impatient and called out to the garrison:

"For heaven's sake, dig a hole under the cabin wall and take me in!"

The men inside set to work immediately, and the brave young hunter was speedily safe inside the fort.

A Silk Producing Caterpillar.

In Assam, where the natives call it "eri," a silk producing caterpillar has been used for silk spinning for centuries, but, strange to say, its employment for the purpose has been restricted almost exclusively to that region. One of its advantages is that its cocoons are not sealed like those of the common silkworm. One end of the cocoon is closed only with converging loops of silk. This renders it unnecessary to kill the insect when its silk is used.

Apologies only account for the evil which they cannot alter.—Cuyler.

HENS NOT STUPID.

Merely Follow Natural Instincts Left Them by Their Ancestors.

Every automobilist knows that when his car approaches a hen instead of saluting her by the side of the road and safely in blue cases out of ten she runs along ahead in hysterical excitement, doing what she should have done in the first place only when completely exhausted and then only by accident, apparently. Other domestic animals have the same annoying habit, and as it often causes their wholly needless death, the usual explanation of it is their stupidity. That is an unfair criticism, for neither birds nor animals are ever stupid—never are, that is, about meeting exigencies which their ancestors were in the habit of meeting.

It is the lesson of immemorial experience for all these creatures that from the pursuit of an enemy that cannot be fought there is safety if anywhere in straightaway flight at topmost speed. Motion in any other direction would give the pursuer a fatal advantage by enabling him to "cut corners" and cover a shorter distance than his selected prey. The hen's mistake is not in running along the road, but in assuming that the automobile wants to catch her and will do so if it can. That assumption is a perfectly natural one, and every living hen is the descendant of innumerable generations of hens that acted upon it exactly as she does.—New York Times.

GOLD LEAF.

Made Now Practically as It Was Made Nine Centuries Ago.

In an article on gold leaf in the Magazine of Commerce John Martin says that just as the date of the discovery of gold is too remote even to be guessed at so is the origin of gold leaf lost in antiquity.

On some of the most ancient mummies discovered gold leaf has been used on the skin, tongue, teeth, etc., and in some instances on the coffin also. It also appears on tombs, monuments and the like, and, strange to say, though gliding with "thin sheets of hammered gold" and "skins of gold"—otherwise gold leaf—was known to be practiced at least in the eighth century B. C., the process of bringing the gold into these fine sheets or "skins" was, at any rate in the eleventh century A. D., substantially the same as that used today, no advance whatever having been made in the intervening nine centuries.

Further, on some of the Grecian pottery of the fifth century the gold leaf used is as thin as that used today, so that in results obtained also we have not advanced in the least, but still keep practically the same average thickness as that used in the Egyptian coffins of the third century A. D. and most of the Greek vases of the fifth.

Brougham and Muddled Port.

Lord Brougham who as a member of the house of commons was a most abstemious man; upon his promotion to the peerage acquired less commendable habits. During his long and impassioned appeal to the lords to refrain from rejecting the reform bill of 1832 "dash tumblers of muddled port, with a dash of brandy, were brought to him at intervals." When he came to his last sentence ("I warn you, I implore you—yes, on my bearded knee I supplicate you—reject not this bill") he knelt on the woolsock, whence he slipped to the floor. It is recorded in the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors" that "he remained some time as if in prayer, but his friends, alarmed lest he should be suffering from the effects of muddled port, picked him up and placed him safely on the woolsock."

A Proud Moment.

"The proudest day of her life, this is," said the woman who watched the third floor bride go out dressed in her prettiest frock.

"How do you make that out?" said another woman enviously. "I thought last Thursday was her proudest day. She got married then."

"Ah, yes, but today she goes calling for the first time and leaves one of her husband's cards with her own. Any married woman who can remember back that far will tell you that the first time she distributed the calling cards of some man who belonged to her was the day she truly felt her importance."—New York Sun.

When the Barber Was a Wit.

In original literature the barber is a great figure, and Arabian tales are full of him. In Italy and Spain he was often the brightest man in town, and his shop was headquarters for wit and intrigue. Jasmin, became famous as a poet in southern France and recited his verses with razor, scissors, brush and combed gesture as he dressed the hair of fine ladies and gentlemen in his shop. He had a great run, made money, lived free, and smiles made a book about him.

Hadden't Heard It.

"Money talks," asserted Glider-sleeve.

"I am not so sure of that," retorted Throckmorton. "It is not on speaking terms with me."—Detroit Free Press.

Of Course Not.

If a man really loves a woman of course he wouldn't marry her for the world if he were not quite sure he was the best person she could by any possibility marry.—Holmes.

Too Rusty.

Lady (after slinging a few rusty notes)—Don't you think my voice should be brought out? Manager—No; pushed back.

Rubbing It In.

"What made the boss glare so at that man who just went out?" said one waiter to another.

"When he paid his bill for a fifty cent dinner he asked if there was any place in the neighborhood, anyhow, where a fellow could go and get a decent meal for fifty cents."—New York Press.

DIFFICULT TO SHOOT.

Birds That Test the Skill of the Best Marksmen.

We often hear the question as to which is the most difficult bird in the world to shoot. The answer is usually given in favor of the pheasant descending with closed wings from a higher level of flight, though a few give the preference to the second barrel shot at a teal scared by the discharge of a first barrel and darting upward and in any direction but that which is expected.

A bird which we have never seen mentioned and which yet might take a high place in the category is the sand grouse. It is not to be rated as an English bird of sport, but is familiar to shooters in the east, where it is shot as it comes fighting to water holes to drink. Its flight is something like that of a plover, with very swift curves and undulations, and in its case again, as in that of the Virginian mosquito hawk, it is said that those who have acquired the knack can kill it with a comparative certainty which is the despair of the novice.

After all perhaps our pheasant aeroplaning downward must still be given the highest marks for difficulty, for we hear of no one who presumes to say he has discovered any infallible knack by which this most perplexing and yet apparently simple shot can be brought off with any great assurance.—Country Life.

LORDLY FORMALITIES.

Preparing a New Peer For His Seat in House of Lords.

Numerous formalities have to be gone through before any new peer is entitled to take his seat in the house of lords.

One of the most important matters is the preparation of the patent, a long strip of parchment, to the end of which is affixed the wax seal, the color of which varies, according to the rank of the new member. Another item is the robe, made of scarlet cloth with three doublings of ermine, the number of bars varying according to rank. Thus a duke has four bars in front and the same number behind, a marquess one less, and so on.

Then there are preparations in regard to making or changing coats of arms, in connection with which fees to the extent of about 50 guineas are paid by the recipient of a summons to the house of lords.

Altogether, the financial disbursements amount in the case of a new earl to between £600 and £700, some of which finds its way to the chancellor of the exchequer and some to the crown as represented by the college of arms. A considerable portion of this expenditure is, of course, incurred in the purchase of the coronet.—London News.

A Left Handed Man.

"I never realized how unpopular a left handed man can be until I joined a fishing club," said the man who cannot do much with his right hand. "Socially I was all right, but when we began to fish the rest of the fellows couldn't get far enough away from me. There was another left handed man in the party, and we were shunted upstream, away beyond the best fishing holes. I am a good fisherman. When alone I can manage rod and line as skillfully as the best man, but when I go fishing with a lot of right handed fishermen our lines tangle and we get into a regular mass. I have tried to learn to manage my pole with my right hand, but I haven't made much headway at it; also I have noticed that right handed persons who tried to become ambidextrous could learn to do everything with their left hand better than to fish."—New York Times.

The Antiquity of the Ballet.

Strictly defined, the ballet is properly a theatrical exhibition of the art of dancing in its highest perfection, complying generally with the rules of the drama as to its composition and form. It was in existence in Italy as far back as A. D. 1500, the court of Turin in that day making especial use of it and the royal family and nobles taking part in it. The ballet was first introduced in France in the reign of Louis XIII., and both that monarch and Louis XIV. occasionally took part in its dances. About the year 1700 women made their first appearance in the ballet, which up to that time had been performed exclusively by men, as was the case also with plays and operas, but no woman ballet dancer of any note appeared until 1700.

How She Caught Them.

"How did you happen to get four times as many letters as I did?" said one washerwoman who had advertised for work by the day to another who had advertised for the same thing.

"Would you my advertisement by saying I was on a diet," said the lucky one. "That 'on a diet' notice goes right to the heart of starchy souls who are trying to cut down expenses. They hate to figure on a washerwoman's meals and jump at the chance of getting one who doesn't eat."—New York Sun.

Often the Case.

"You can pretty safely bet," began the man who thought he knew, "that any woman who doesn't gush over a pretty baby is a confirmed old maid."

"Not always," replied the real wiseacre. "She may be a mother who has a baby she thinks is prettier."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Truthful.

Angry Father to son—You never saw me getting into a scrape like that when I was a boy. Filippant Son—No, dad, I never did.—Exchange.

Easier.

"I'm going to the dentist's to have this tooth out. Just mind the baby till I come back." Husband (with alacrity)—You mind the baby, Jessie. I'll go and get a tooth pulled out.

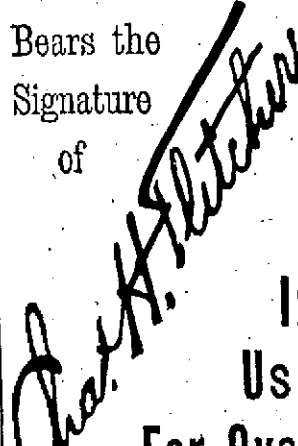
An irritable man lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.—R. P. Hood.

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FORTUNE ISLAND.

The Story of the Buried Prize of an English Buccaneer.

An English buccaner, having looted and fired a rich prize, found himself pursued in turn by a Spanish pirate, and in order to save his treasure sought some isolated shore on which to bury it until the time came to divide the spoils with his followers. So he ran into the Bahama group and, landing on a low lying strip of sand and palm trees, cached his plunder and, naming the place Fortune Island, sailed away. He left a number of negro slaves behind to guard the buried treasure, and the present inhabitants are said to be descended from these slaves. The Fortune Islanders believe the old sea-rover never returned for his chest and that it is still hidden somewhere near the tide level. It is no uncommon sight for tourists on the rare occasions when a steamer stops there to see some half naked black man digging in the sand, probably in obedience to a dream or other sign.

The natives are half civilized, exceedingly superstitious and very poor and live mostly on fish and fruit. They do not attempt to plant vegetables, preferring to rely on the bounty of nature, as the fierce hurricanes that sweep the Bahamas soon uproot and destroy gardens. The little colony is buddled together in a collection of squalid huts that are blown clear away in nearly every storm and have to be built anew. The island is nine miles long and a mile wide at the broadest part and lies 150 miles northeast of Cuba. — New York Press.

Surprises in Chinese.

"Some people," said an American consul to China, "live as long as twenty years in China and never learn more than a dozen Chinese expressions. But not so my little girl. She used to meet me each evening with some new Chinese expression which she had learned during the day. Now, the Chinese language, like the Japanese, is full of honorifics, and I fondly imagined one evening, when my little girl greeted me with some entirely new expressions, that she was saying something like this: 'Here comes the honorable personage, my father.'"

"To verify my guess I asked a little Chinese boy to translate. At first he was rather backward, but I urged him until he finally said:

"Your excellency, your daughter says, 'Here comes that old wooden headed bottle.' Yes, there are some surprises in Chinese."

Not Interrupting at All.

At the piano Mrs. Eaton was guiding Edith and Edward and Jack through the intricacies of an old English melody when, she became aware that the twins were adding their voices from an indiscreet distance and stopped playing.

"Children," she exclaimed, "you are not allowed to join in the chorus with Edith and Edward."

"We weren't," the twins protested, in slightly resentful tones. "We were singing something quite different."—Youth's Companion.

Shakespeare Altered.

A portable theater had been pitched in an out of the way spot where the prospective theatrical patrons were unsophisticated in matters dramatic. The players possessed the costumes for "Hamlet," and Shakespeare's tragedy was selected for representation. It then occurred to the proprietors of the show that the name might not attract, so they altered the title to "How the Stepfather Was Paid Off!"—London Mail.

He Pleased Her.

"She asked me how old I thought she was."

"What did you say?"

"Well, I perjured myself like a gentleman."—Detroit Free Press.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

DIVIDED THE MESSAGE.

The Way a Financier's Clerk Exploited a Cipher.

When Wall street first caught the fever for "industrial combinations" and began the reorganization of everything in sight one of the ventures of high finance found himself in Chicago in extreme need of communicating with his New York office.

He almost completed an arrangement for the consolidation of several western enterprises, but in order to get the final authority he needed from New York he must explain all he had done by wire to his partners.

There was no time to write. He had no cipher code. For a long time he tried to think out some way to send the information so that it would be plain to his partners and meaningless to any one else. His secret was a valuable one and once sent over the wire might be sold out to his rivals in Wall street for a large sum.

At last he decided to take the chances in plain English. Accordingly he wrote the message and gave it to his assistant to send. Half an hour later, when the assistant came back, he asked him if he had sent it.

"Not just that way," said the clerk. "I rewrote it—the first word on a Postal blank, the second on a Western Union, and so on. I sent half by each company, and neither half meant anything. Then I sent a second message by one line, saying, 'Read both messages together, alternating words.'"

The scheme was too simple for the high financier to have evolved, but it worked perfectly.

OLD TIME LONDON.

The Days When Men in the Pillory Were Pelted With Eggs.

London in 1700 was a comparatively small city of about 600,000 inhabitants, the rough and ill kept main roads to which had been but slightly improved since Tudor times. The ghastly spectacle of many of the trees on the Southwark road bending under their burden of hanged men had indeed been slightly modified, but none the less the decomposing heads of "traitors" still filled the atmosphere about London Bridge and Temple Bar with myriads of baneful microbes.

Our immediate forbears were evidently not overparticular about sights and smells. They were accustomed to see men sitting in the pillory pelted with rotten eggs and possibly included among their immediate circle not a few who had been deprived of their noses and ears for expressing too freely their opinions, political and religious.

The drains were in an appalling condition. The innumerable churchyards were so full of coffins that they often projected through the turf. Bear and bull baiting, dog fights and boxing matches were attended even by royalty as late as 1820, and five years later all the "dandies" in London were paying high prices to stand in the carts round Tyburn to behold twenty-two of their fellow creatures hanged for misdemeanors which in our time would be punished with a few days' imprisonment.—London Saturday Review.

He Worked On.

Wife—George, this burning of the candle at both ends means an untimely grave. It is nearly 12 o'clock. Come to bed. George—But I'm doing this night work in order to find money enough to buy you a birthday present. Wife—Well, if you will persist in working of course I can't stop it. Good night, dear.

Deduction in a Street Car. The Heavyweight—Parson me, did I step on your foot, sir? Coogan—If yes didn't, begorry, then the roof must have fell on it.—Puck.

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Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full names and address of the writer must be given. 3. All queries must be brief and to the point. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. Direct all communications to Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1910.

NOTES.

A MIDDLE-FASHION TOWN MEETING IN 1838.

BY R. ALLEN, LL.D.
(Continued.)

"Then the Selectman began the count when somebody exclaimed: 'Some of us don't want to vote for either of these men. We want Nat Culver.' 'I nominate him.' 'Try it on Col. Wood and all opposed,' said another, 'and then you can try Esquire Hyde, and still another, and if neither of them gets the majority, then try somebody else.' 'That's fair enough,' said the Selectman. 'But you must begin again if that is your mind.' 'Yes, yes, begin again,' came up in quick chorus.

So Mr. Oldtown said: 'Gentlemen! As many as favor choosing Col. Wood, Moderator of this meeting, take your places on my right and all opposed, take places on the left.' 'By this time it began to appear that choosing a moderator was a more serious business than had been suspected at first, and there was less of jesting though more of crowd and pushing and pulling. But in less time than it takes to tell it, the house was divided and Mr. Oldtown counted, first the right and made figures on a bit of paper, and then the left, and set down the figures. He then announced: 'There are fifty four in favor of choosing Col. Wood moderator and seventy-six opposed. There is no election. You will now divide again. Those in favor of choosing Esquire Hyde, will take places on the right and all opposed will go to the left.' 'There was a great deal of chaffing, this time and it was done, more seriously and with some determination.' But when the Selectman counted again he took up his figures and announced: 'There are sixty eight in favor of choosing Esquire Hyde Moderator and seventy-one opposed, and again there is no choice.' It was evident that some had come in since the first vote.

He then said once more: 'All in favor of Nathaniel Culver, for I take it, the mention of his name at the time of the first division meant a nomination'—(cries of "yes, yes.") "will go to the right, and all opposed to him will go to the left." Here some said: "Oh we give it up. Let Nat Culver be Moderator." "No, we don't either. Let's have the division," came with more vigor from others, and Mr. Oldtown ordered another division, and after a count announced: 'There are seventy three on my right and in favor of Nathaniel Culver, and seventy two on the left opposed. And he, having the major part of the votes, is chosen as Moderator of this Town Meeting. Come forward Mr. Culver and take the chair.' 'He was among the handsomest men I ever saw; a brown face, with a wide chin, and the sweetest cupid's bow at the mouth, a forehead, white and expanded above two laughing eyes and under a crown of dark curls such as Apollo wore when he drew his silver bow. And his family as I, a lad and youth, knew them, let me have time to say as I often saw them gathered around that mighty kitchen fire place, a hospitable volcano of warmth and good cheer, husband rosy and quivering with jollity, wife, gentle, refined and lovely to see, the five daughters, as beautiful and archly attractive as wood nymphs, and the two sons hale and hearty to play and study and work! There are such families now as then, but do they have the same chances for the virtuous simplicity of nature, and for as wide and ennobling influence among their now more ambitious fellowmen? And is the nation as good and as happy as were the people of that old Hilltop?

As soon as Mr. Culver came to the chair he said: 'Gentlemen, who will you have for Town Clerk?' giving the old English pronunciation, very distinctly "Clark." "I nominate Russell Springer," said Esquire Norman. "He has served us right on to forty years, faithfully, and I don't know who could keep so good records and post up such clear notices." "Second it," "Agreed." "Yes, yes." "By all means, Russell Springer," came from all parts of the house, and the moderator put the motion which he declared to be unanimously adopted. (To be continued.)

QUERIES.

6477. BATTY—The Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island gives the early generations of Batty, of Warwick and vicinity. Can any one give information of the descendants of John Batty, from the point where the Dictionary leaves them? I would like to communicate with such descendants.—J. E. R.

6478. COMSTOCK—About 1734 Samuel Comstock settled in Verrine, Vt., coming from Massachusetts or Rhode Island. He brought with him his wife, Hannah Dunsell (or Dunsell) and seven children, John, Michael, Lucy, Samuel, Dunsell, and Hannah. I wish to learn from what source this family came, and any data with regard to their ancestry.—J. M. C.

6479. KENDALL—WYMAN—MEAD—I would like information concerning the families of, 1st, Jabez Kendall of Woburn, married June 21, 1739, Sarah Parker of Lexington, Mass. They settled where? 2d, Of the children of Joseph Wyman, Lunenburg, Mass., whose wife was Kezia Parker. They had, before 1775, David, Joseph, Oliver, Thomas, Sarah, John and Elizabeth. 3d, Of the children of Moses Mead of

Lexington. He was a Revolutionary veteran; his wife was Lizzie Viles.—T. P.

6480. TUBBS—In 1700 Samuel and Lebbeus Tubbs, John, Daniel and Jonathan Hamilton, Sr. and Jr., went from Connecticut to Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, and took up lands in the area of the expropriated Acadia. In 1702 Samuel and Lebbeus Tubbs returned to Connecticut and jointly purchased a farm of John Copp on the division line between New London and Norwich, the Hamiltons remaining in Nova Scotia. Lebbeus Tubbs married Bathsheba Hamilton and was my great grandfather. Can any one inform me—1. What relationship existed between Samuel and Lebbeus? 2. Who was the father of Lebbeus, and when and where was he born? 3. When and where were Lebbeus and Bathsheba married? 4. From what town did the above named parties emigrate to Nova Scotia? Bacon, Echelebert. Nov. January 23, 1772, it is believed in Connecticut. Can any one inform me in what town he was born, and the names of his parents?—J. T.

6481. WEID—Information wanted as to the ancestry of the family of this name, some of whose descendants are now living at Guilford and other towns in Connecticut. Mrs. Charlotte Weid Fowler, published at the age of 80 years, a brief history of it in 1879 at Middletown, but gave no records back of 1730. She says, only, that her grandfather, Joseph Weid, came from Russia to Guilford, which presumably connects him with the Roxbury Weid family; but definite and authentic information is wanted, with dates, etc., to show such connection, or the other origin of this family.—B. T.

6482. ADAMS—Simeon Adams, of Stonington, Conn., married, prior to 1770, Widow Lydia (Brown) Sparhawk, who by previous marriage had daughters Saura, born 1763, and Lydia, born 1765. Simeon Adams had eight children born in Stonington between 1770 and 1783, who married into the Rathbone, Ransom, Rogers, King, Yeomans and Burdick families. I am unable to connect this Simeon Adams with his ancestry. Who can aid me in doing so?—L. G.

6483. NICOLL—Can any one give me information relating to John Nicoll, whose wife was Penelope, daughter of Warren Lisle, Esq., of Upway, England. John Nicoll was for several years, comptroller of customs at Newport, R. I., returning to New York in 1780, where he died Dec. 13, 1781, and was buried in Trinity Church yard. His children were:

- I. John, born Baltash, Eng., Sept. 15, 1748.
- II. Penelope, born New York, Aug. 10, 1751.
- III. Warren Lisle, born Whitehall, N. Y., June 15, 1753.
- IV. Mary, born Whitehall, N. Y. V. William, born July 20, 1756.
- VI. Edward, born July 17, 1760.
- VII. Agnes, born April 19, 1763.
- VIII. Charles, born Newport, R. I., June 6, 1765.
- IX. Benjamin David, born Newport, Dec. 18, 1767.
- X. Ann Hay, born Newport, Oct. 24, 1774.

Any information relating to the above will be thankfully received.—K. M.

6484. MACK—FOX—John Mack was of Salisbury, Mass., in 1682, and in 1697 was an inhabitant of Lyme, Conn. Six children were born to him during this interval, viz: Sarah, Elizabeth, Lydia, Josiah, Orlando, and Jonathan. Wanted, his place of residence during this period.

Ebenezer Fox (son of Isaac) was born at Medford, Mass., 14th, Oct. 1689, was later an inhabitant of New London, Conn., and after 1732 dwelt in East Haddam, Conn. He died before 1732. He was probably married at Medford or New London. Wanted the name of his wife.—K. M.

WOODRUFF'S STATEMENT

Blame For Roosevelt's Turndown is Placed Upon Griscom

New York, Aug. 26.—The conference at Sherry's on the night before the Republican state committee meeting in which Theodore Roosevelt was voted down and Vice President Sherman chosen temporary chairman of the coming Republican convention, assumed still another complexion last night.

Timothy L. Woodruff, state chairman, in a statement given out from Republican state headquarters, puts the responsibility for the action of the committee squarely up to Lloyd C. Griscom, president of the Republican county committee, and flatly denies that he had even an intimation of any plan to present the name of Roosevelt to the committee until Griscom made the actual nomination.

SPAIN WILL NOT CHANGE HER POLICY

Attitude Toward Valcan Has Been Correct, Says Premier

San Sebastian, Aug. 26.—At a cabinet council, which was presided over by King Alfonso, who had just returned from abroad, Premier Canalejas read a telegram from Marquis de Gonzales, counselor of the Spanish embassy at the Vatican, announcing the receipt from the papal secretary of state of a long note answering a number of points raised in the last Spanish note and exposing at length the Vatican's grievances against the Spanish ministry.

Premier Canalejas declared that although he did not know the exact tenor of the note, it would in no way affect his policy. "Whatever reasons are put forward by the Vatican," he added, "the government will not change the attitude it has maintained since the beginning of the conflict."

The premier said that the text of the note was too important to risk causing errors in it by telegraphing and that therefore it was expected to reach Spain at the end of the week.

KININGTON

LITTLE RHODY'S BIG FAIR
Rhode Island's Only Fair; New England's Best Fair

SEPT. 13, 14, 15, 16

TUES., SEPT. 13 The Day to See the BIG EXHIBITS

WED. SEPT. 14 GRANGE DAY
Speakers of National Farm

THURS. SEPT. 15 GOVERNOR'S DAY
Annual Address by President Rowland G. Hazard

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All Children Under 15 Years ADMITTED FREE

Bigger and Better EXHIBITIONS Than Ever Before
Including Live Stock, Farm Implements, Household and Dairy Products, Fruits and Vegetables, Flowers and Plants, Textiles, Art, Labor Saving Appliances, etc.

FAST RACING EVERY AFTERNOON
PREMIUMS AND PURSES ALL GREATLY INCREASED

FREE VAUDEVILLE SHOW
DAILY 10 A. M. and 1:30 P. M. In front of the Grand Stand
SPECIAL SEATES from all points. ADMISSION 50 CENTS

THE ONLY WAY TO GET A DECENT SLEEP.

Think differently? How about the buzzers that swoop down on you unseen but with a song that makes you feel their sting before they're within a foot of you. Delightful amusement shying off those fellows until you sink off to be fed upon in spite of yourself.

Wouldn't you prefer to lie and laugh at them?

\$2.00 Does It.

A canopy of net just fine enough to bar out the birds of prey—not fine enough to prevent free circulation of air; suspend it from above your bed, its fold dropping close to the floor, and you sleep the sleep of the just whether you deserve it or not.

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UNWRITTEN LAW UPHELD

Jury Frees Young Slayer of Saloon-keeper Who Betrayed Her
New Orleans, Aug. 25.—With the unwritten law as her plea, Mamie McLaughlin, 18 years old, charged with the murder of Hugh Smith, was declared not guilty by a jury. The girl said she killed Smith because he had betrayed her. Smith was a politician and saloonkeeper.

The girl, who is an orphan, was supported by the Era club, an organization of New Orleans women.

Warship explosion kills two
Rome, Aug. 26.—Two men were killed and seven injured by the explosion of a boiler tube on the Italian battleship Queen Margherita during the naval maneuvers off Tarento.

No extra pay for Enumerators
Washington, Aug. 26.—The National Association of Census Enumerators, recently organized in this city for the purpose of collecting additional pay for the enumerators, has disbanded on the advice of attorneys that the extra work required of the enumerators was not outside of the requirements of the law.

"Meet Me at Barney's."

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It is a splendid list. Hear it at

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Do you want some

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Ask us how to get them.

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OF BEST SELLERS.

A Village of Vagabonds, F. Berkeley Smith
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The Meddlings of Eve, By William J. Hopkins
The Power and the Glory, By Grace McGown Cooke
Poppy, By Cynthia Stockley

Phone 631. DAILY NEWS BUILDING

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, executed by Frederick A. Clarke, of the City and County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, and to the Savings Bank of Newport, a corporation created by law and located in the City and County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bearing date March 15th, A. D. 1904, and recorded in Mortgage Land Evidence of said Newport, Vol. 43, at page 2, and also recorded in Land Evidence of Middletown, R. I., Book 100, page 100, a. c., which said mortgage has since been duly assigned to Max Levy, there having been breach in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed:

There will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described, on SATURDAY, September 10th, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, all that certain lot or parcel of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate partly in said City of Newport, and partly in the Town of Middletown, and bounded Northerly, on land of John Anderson, fifty (50) feet; Easterly, on a Court or Way leading Northerly from Vernon avenue, one hundred (100) feet; Southerly, on Vernon avenue, fifty (50) feet; and Westerly, on land of said John Anderson, one hundred (100) feet, being the same lot conveyed to Frederick A. Clarke by Joshua B. Buchanan and wife by deed dated May 15th, 1901.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale.

MAX LEVY,
Assignee of the Mortgagee.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.,
August 15, A. D. 1910.

Estate of David Coggeshall.

ALBERT L. CHASE, the Administrator on the estate of David Coggeshall, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court this third account thereof, and thereon prays that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the nineteenth day of September next, A. D. 1910, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
Probate Clerk.

Newport Casino.

The U. S. NATIONAL LAWN
TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

WILL BEGIN

Monday, August 15.

Play will be called each day at 10:30 A. M. The principal matches will be played every day on the Championship court in front of the Grand Stand.

Season tickets for TENNIS and the U. S. NATIONAL LAWN are on sale at the Casino Office.

NOTICE

To Taxpayers!

OFFICE OF COLLECTOR OF TAXES,

City Hall, Newport, R. I.

The tax bills for 1910 are now in my hands for collection and must be paid on or before August 31, 1910.

The time allowed by the Representative Council for the payment of this tax expires on the first day of August, 1910, and according to said ordinance (as authorized by the laws of the State), all taxes not paid on or before that date shall carry, until collected, a penalty at the rate of 12 per centum per annum.

Checks accepted,
Office hours 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

E. W. HIGBEE,
Collector of Taxes.

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SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in

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Free Tuition, Excellent Equipment,
Board \$3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light,
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Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful, healthful and accessible.

Address
STATE COLLEGE,
Kingston, R. I.

One Difference.

It is wrong to suppose there is no difference between genius and madness. Madmen get three square meals a day.—Lippincott's

The French Government has purchased two bronze busts exhibited in this year's salon by Andrew O'Connor of Massachusetts. One is a portrait of Robert Newman, and the other the head of an exquisite Indian girl.

His Little Joke.—"How would you like to take part in a catfight?"
"I'd jump at the chance."—Louisville Courier Journal.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

NOTICE.

ALL Hackney Carriage Licenses, Hackney Carriage Driver's Licenses, Wagon Licenses and Wagon Driver's Licenses now in force under the provisions of Chapter 52, of the Ordinances of this City will expire on May 31, 1910.

All persons desiring any of the above mentioned licenses for the year beginning with the first Monday in May, 1910, will make application therefor at the office of the Chief of Police, on or before May 2nd, 1910, that the same may be considered by the Board of Aldermen at the meeting of the said Board to be held May 24, 1910.

By order of
JAMES R. CROWLEY,
Chief of Police.

4-3411

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Will not stain Water
Add and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
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Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

-5-2317

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FREE FROM DUST,

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